

LIFE'S PAINTER  
OF  
VARIEGATED CHARACTERS  
IN  
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE,  
WITH  
POLITICAL STROKES ON THE TICKLISH TIMES;  
CONTAINING  
A NOVEL DISPLAY  
OF THE  
STYLES OF MEN OF GENIUS  
IN THE LEARNED WORLD.

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By GEORGE PARKER,

LIBRARIAN TO THE COLLEGE OF WIT, MIRTH AND HUMOUR; FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF FUN; MENTAL ANATOMIST; EXHIBITER OF NATURE'S MIRROR; CITIZEN OF THE WORLD; AND AUTHOR OF THE VIEW OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

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"The proper study of mankind is man."

In life's journey rather seek a safe than a primrose path.

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THE SECOND EDITION,  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.



LIFE'S PAINTER

VARIETIES OF CHARACTERS

IN

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE

WITH

POLITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES



A NOVEL

OF THE

STYLES OF MEN OF GENIUS

IN THE PRESENT WORLD

BY GEORGE PARKER

IN ADDITION TO THE CORRECTION OF THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS, THE AUTHOR HAS REVISED THE WORK, AND HAS INTRODUCED A NEW CHAPTER, ENTITLED, 'ON THE STATE OF THE LITERATURE OF THE PRESENT AGE, AND THE PROGRESS OF THE ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.'

"The work is a valuable addition to the literature of the day, and is highly recommended to the perusal of all who are interested in the progress of the arts and manufactures." — *Edinburgh Review*

THE SECOND EDITION

WITH A NEW CHAPTER

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE, HONOURABLE,  
AND TRULY RESPECTABLE  
SUBSCRIBERS  
OF EVERY DENOMINATION  
THROUGHOUT THE  
THREE KINGDOMS,  
AND  
PRINCIPALITY OF WALES.

THAT very distinguished moralist,  
*Doctor Young*, whose philanthropy and  
knowledge of mankind must be equally  
venerated and admired, has left the fol-  
lowing maxim, composed of very em-  
phatic truth: "*He*" (says the doctor)  
"that is ungrateful has no vice but one,  
"all other vices may seem virtues in  
"him."

It is neither my plan, nor my province to moralise sententiously, but rather to place my readers in Rabelais's easy chair, or on the laughable couch of whimsical Scarron.

That I am not deficient in essential feelings of gratitude, is assured me from the fountain of sensation, my *heart*.

At what precise æra the custom of prefixing Dedications to literary productions commenced, I am not chronologist correct enough to ascertain; however, as this qualification does not appear indispensably necessary to my present purpose, I shall hope the indulgent admission of rather an excursionary than methodical arrangement of my thoughts on matters of this sort.

Flattery, the most deceptive, consequently the meanest prostitution of human genius, the poison of courts and foe of human nature, never appeared in a more glaring, public point of view, than during the spirited, elegant, yet dissolute, and unprincipled reign of Charles the  
Second,

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Second, whose court possessed authors of incomparable talents, but who crouched most censurably low to obtain fashionable patronage.

As a satisfactory proof of this, let us advert to productions of that paltry period, when prostitutes of royal favour experienced the most laboured and exaggerated elogiums for virtues they did not possess, as well as for actions they never performed.

Poor Otway ! that excellent dramatist, dipped so unblushingly in the warm tide of profitable adulation, as to compliment a royal strumpet, strongly palliating her licentious course of life, and signing himself her *entirely devoted creature*.

This, if she had a just, or any sensibility, was rather an insult than a compliment ; but we may suppose he knew the court relish, and seasoned it accordingly.

The birth of dedications is confused in the lapse of time, and obscured in national revolutions, rendered, perhaps, untraceable, through the savage insensibility of that ignorant Mahometan bashaw, who,



vi DEDICATION.

who, having vanquished a capital city, ordered a most valuable library of one million of volumes, and a multitude of choice manuscripts of Oriental compositions to be set in a blaze, under this very wise idea, that if they contained *more* than the KORAN, they were pernicious, if *less*, useless.

What a fiery tribute to ignorance? What a blazing literary sacrifice at the voracious shrine of inimical, devouring enthusiasm?

Thus much respecting dedications at large: we know, upon sure grounds, that they are sanctioned by antiquity, and ever vary their complexion with the leading features of the times, rendered flexible by fashion, and obedient by interest, suited to all tastes, and fabricated for all markets. These literary prefixtures were in Oliver's usurpation highly picturesque of the rigid times, a few formal compliments being then only in fashion.

The second James's short, turbulent, imbecile reign, afforded little opportunity for the exercise of liberal talents; political rage, and religious gloom taking off  
the

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the smiles of genius; men of liberal talents shaking off envy, endeavoured, in a becoming manner, to promote each other's fame in the race of literary emulation: every competitor strove to get foremost by generous exertion of natural speed, but scorned to conquer by unfairly tripping up his antagonist's heels.

For the last twenty years we do not perceive that Dedications so much deserve the title of Literary White-wash as in times past.

To the great credit of rectified, public taste, and becoming spirit among practitioners of the pen, false hearts are now but rarely illumed with beams of mercenary and false praise; unexisting virtues are but seldom blazoned, nor the charms of a Venus flatteringly annexed to *right honourable deformity*, except swingingly paid for.

On many occasions, and by a vast variety of instances, moderate perception may clearly discover, that dedicatory addresses have been mostly thrown out as gudgeon baits for vanity, and frequently as concealing cloaks for vice; that fancy  
has

has a much greater share in them than truth, and that their ultimate view is interest.

All these censurable points of custom and selfishness, I venture to hope, are avoided in this desultory address: in which, I mean no more than to offer you, my very distinguished Patrons, a most sincere, however feeble and imperfect, tribute of Gratitude and Respect. I beg leave to subscribe myself, with every sentiment of esteem and veneration,

Your much obliged,

And grateful humble servant,

GEORGE PARKER.

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## P R E F A C E.

**I**T has been no less frequently, than justly observed, by acute, judicious investigators of Life, and no less clearly proved by man's truest instructor, experience, that the world, as Shakspeare phrases it, "is still deceived by ornament," not merely respecting external, but internal appearance : a man may be a very great coxcomb in mind, who is not at all so in person ; and may, by adventitious aids, pass the adulterate coinage of an heated or politic imagination, for sterling sense and philosophical currency.

It is just and by no means harsh, to remark, that nine-tenths of life's most variegated actors, on the vast theatre of the world, are not what they seem ; hence, the inexperienced may plough through a sea of imminent hazard, and painful perplexity, which the calentured mind of precipitate or vitiated youth, mistakes for a beautiful, greensward path, and in that fatal mistake, meets destruction.



General feelings and fashionable prejudices considered, every author stands justifiable in using as favourable a mode of introducing his productions as possible; *affected* modesty is positive pride, and there cannot be a grosser literary absurdity, or a more palpable affront to common sense, than to throw out servile prefatory hints;—that the author is conscious of inadequacy to his task, and that he hopes readers glancing over confessed imbecility, will generously give him credit for intentional merit.

If an author does not, through interest or prejudice, voluntarily violate moral, social, or political truth, he must be a useful and respectable, though not a brilliant character in life.

*Truth*, that impartial, beautiful companion, and guide of rectified nature, is so pitiably impaired by universal depravity of manners, that her genuine *unadulterated* charms are known to, and estimated by a very narrow portion of the catalogue of mankind.

At courts royal, she is an interdicted exile, or an undistinguished mooper, and cannot procure garments, suitable to established *etiquette*.

In pulpits, she is often wretchedly warped, as paltry interest, or wild fanaticism guides; by the former, she is cunningly adapted to any profitable or government purposes; by the second, she is metamorphosed from her native simplicity, into  
a depraved

a depraved bloated perversion of scriptural rectitude, when she marches forth with the pestilential aspect of a fiend, and falsehood triumphs in her variegated, splendid mansions, to see the persecution of so obnoxious a rival, who receives many more systematic stabs each day of term, in courts of law, than Cæsar did wounds from conspiracy, in the capitol.

But, says the adage, "truth is not to be told at all times." This is certainly a complimentary sacrifice at the altar of unessential, false complaisance, a futile and mean palliation of commendable censure, for where truth cannot properly be told, something of very sable aspect lurks underneath.

I have in the following pages, studiously endeavoured to form a strict, yet sportive connection with this valuable associate, under a kind, positive promise, that her fair hand will guide my pen, not through the solemn gloom of ungracious gravity, but, in the primrose path of sportive whim, and at the same time, she will smile upon my humble endeavours, sustain my trembling pen, and place her signet upon the productions thereof. This chaste votary, though grossly affronted by many venal authors, has condescended to reward my faithful attachment, by assisting me, with arranging such materials, as may tend

to promote good humour, agreeably, facetiously mingled with a pleasant useful review of life, in more various scenes and degrees, than general comprehension can justly claim acquaintance with.

It is no way incompatible, to be merry and wise : this is as valuable a maxim as any in life ; for mirth without prudence is volatile folly, and prudence without spirit, is but a sterile piece of profitless still life.

Thus much of prefatory matter, I trust, will appear admissible ; it is an authorised mode of introducing the reader and author together, that their literary journey may be on terms the more consonant and friendly.

And on the whole, I am bold to hope conclusively, that what I offer will, in no shape crimson the celestial cheek of modesty, deaden the faculty of attention, or offend the chaste eye of candour.

Under this encouraging idea, I hope for present indulgence, though far below the reach of fame.

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# LIFE'S PAINTER

OF

## VARIEGATED CHARACTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

*Exordium.—Remarks on the fit Application, or Misapplication of Natural Talents.—Observations on the Genius and Satirical bent of SAM FOOTE, considered as a Man, an Author, and an Actor.*

TO please the general Taste requires extensive and vigorous abilities; to blend happily Sense and Whim, Amusement and Instruction, requires strength of Judgment and flexibility of Fancy; though we find many Authors excel in a particular line of literary composition, few can possess all its branches; a poignant



nant Essayist may prove a most impoverished Historian, an excellent Poet an unsuccessful Labourer in the field of Prose, and a sublime Sermocinator weigh very inadequately in the Scale of Humour.

What follows has the advantage of originality, and may lay some claim to public utility; and it is respectfully presumed it will appear so to impartial and liberal attention.

If the Cynic frowns at discovered levity, let him remember, that relaxation of the mind is as necessary for its natural invigoration as repose of the body; her faculties, strained by unessential, gloomy abstraction, are frequently thrown into an ungracious sterile state. The grand point of mental regulation is to think when we ought, and to laugh when we can.

Now, courteous reader, friendly fellow-traveller I should say, we set out upon a cordial journey through the pleasant paths of character, the pregnant fields of information, and the spirit-cheering region of refreshing laughter, with-

out

### VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 3

out one sacrifice to the shrine of ill-nature, or the slightest stab to moral virtue, as the immortal bard beautifully says,

“Curs’d be the verse, how smooth so e’er it flow,

“Which tends to make one honest man my foe.”

So would I wish any perceptible malevolent personality to be marked with deep corrective censure, vice may be hunted and folly chastised, upon principles equally efficacious, but much more consistent with the charms of philanthropy.

Had our facetious modern *Aristophanes* given more easy latitude and less pointed personality to his characters, they would have done more honour to his feelings, and not have vegetated from his prolific, whimsical brain, as the evaporating laugh of the day, forgot as soon as enjoyed.

Few personages of any æra had more contrasted peculiarities, or more uniform brilliancy of imagination, he “Caught the manners living as they rose,” and in his whimsical Dramatic portraits, gave strong likenesses with forcible, but fading tints, which died with the originals.

The thirst of present gain erased every idea of lasting fame, and his pro-

penalty to satirical exposition was so great, (though in most other points a liberal-minded man) he would abash his best friend (whose purse and table he had ever at command) for the sake of a *pointed bon mot*, and frequently make even ignorant dependents subjects of ridicule, to work up a triumphant, momentary laugh.

'Tis true he was no sycophant to the great world, to which he frequently gave the most unreserved correction, but rather held by the ties of terror than social regard, most of its leading members in tribute. Dukes and lords he often assimilated to over-grown turnips of more show than use, gilded, indolent drones that prey upon honey made by the industrious bees.

In short, this comet of his day, who lived admired, fell unpitied and friendless, a monumental warning, that popular favour and intellectual accomplishments are very inadequate to secure worldly respect and happiness, if not cultivated with care and enjoyed with prudence.

Though not in any shape a flatterer himself, he was an egregious dupe to praise,

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 5

praise, even from the dullest, most illiterate, and frivolous characters.

To praise his works and performances, gained from him free participation of elegant hospitality; sometimes, but indeed not often, his purse was untied with generosity.

He was a most inadequate actor, (save in his own pieces) which entirely lived by him, as he certainly lived himself several years, in splendor by them.

His pleasantry was strongly tinged with pride, his conversation with ridicule, and his works with unmerciful laceration of character. He lived in a blaze, and died in a mist. I fear there is no memorial stone over his obscure grave; if one should be placed there, respect for so striking and variegated a character, suggests the following lines of friendly commemoration:

Within this humble, yet sufficient grave,  
No more to time and vanity a slave,  
Lie mould'ring remnants of facetious FOOTE,  
Whose genius every rank in life could suit,  
Sportive, luxuriant, whimsical and gay,  
A poignant comment on the current day,  
A scythe



A scythe of satire, which was made to mow,  
The huge, rank crops of vice in high and low.

Reader, however witty, wise, or great,  
Alike the subject of unerring fate,  
View this to be thy mansion ultimate;  
Nor fear, nor court it, Nature (while we may)  
Bids us be wisely, innocently gay,  
She is not, in restriction, over nice,  
And only frowns at systematic vice.

The above portrait of that excentric wit is drawn by the author, who knew him both in private and public life, and though he highly revered him for his great genius, yet he cannot, without manifest wrong to his own feelings and judgment, but think, that he, in a great measure, merited some severity from a *sect*, with whom, while living, he lived in open war. I believe I need not inform my readers, that some strictures, reflecting strongly upon the hypocrisy and false zeal of the Methodists, in the *Comedy* of the *Minor*, drew upon Mr. Foote a torrent of spiritual abuse, the most virulent that dulness could invent; but as the Author thinks the following lines, written by a scholar of *Whitefield*, something above the common run of their satire, he makes no scruple

V A R I E G A T E D   C H A R A C T E R S.   7

scruple of presenting his readers with it, as a specimen of the universal charity to which they claim an exclusive right before every other *sect* of christians :

'Twas in the shade of a huge tree,

Beside a riv'let clear,

I dreamt—I saw—what did I see ?

And heard—what did I hear ?

I saw and heard four Devils grim,

Disputing in great rage,

How they should cook a *precious Limb* \*

Who'd just hop'd off the stage ;

And who, though in the *foremost row*,

*O'th' boxes* fain he'd sit,

Was *cram'd into the* pit below,

*For Satan's benefit.*

Like a *foot-ball*, he first was kick'd,

To make him fit for eating,

Black-pudding-like, he next was prick'd,

And then hung up to sweeten.

At last, they stew'd him, and, mean while,

Did merr'ly sing and talk,

To make the water quickly boil,

They burnt his *LEG OF CORK*.

Here we take leave of this incomparable humourist, by wishing, that the useful talent of laughable satire may never be misemployed by cruel and personal application.

C H A P.

\* The words in Italics are taken from Foote's Epilogue of the Minor.

## C H A P. II.

*Moral strictures on contrasted characters, and circumstances in life.—Remarks on the dangerous prejudices youth are liable to from the weak affection, or mistaken vanity of parents.—Anecdote of a church dignitary and a shrewd shoe-black.*

THE contradictory feelings, often perceivable, and often lamentable in human nature, serve frequently to astonish considerate persons: Some persons you find charitable to the poor, yet, uncharitable to the characters of their neighbours; pitiful to bodies in necessity, yet, wondrous of unoffending reputations. It has often been evinced, that persons of very compassionate feelings have had a most insurmountable curiosity to attend those painful spectacles, public executions. One very tender-minded person, I recollect, who did not miss an execution, any where within twenty miles of his residence, for twenty successive years:

He

He was perfect in, and would recapitulate and criticise the manner of their exits, whether resolute or irresolute, penitent or impenitent, game of dunghill.

After one of these curious excursions to the extent of eighteen miles, he had the terrible mortification to meet a *reprieve* for the culprit, which, though a real child of humanity, and, though this extraordinary fellow would have gone every possible length to protect his fellow-creature's life, yet he could not patiently bear the disappointment of his flushed expectation.

Another strange instance of supposed inhumanity I shall picture:—A female fish-monger was skinning a live eel she had sold to a customer; just opposite, a butcher was sticking a lamb; d——mn that flinty-hearted fellow! see how he murders the pretty creature; at every syllable of which soft observation, she was tearing off the skin from the eel, which was writhing round her arm in extreme agony, without a spark of pity.—“But custom makes every thing a property of ease;” and the most tender heart is hardened



hardened to a flinty state, by being familiar with the bonds of oppression, and exercise of tortures; this makes a strict watch necessary, to guard early against the invasion of political wrongs, or the terrible rule of natural tyranny.

*Domitian*, the fly-killing Roman emperor, of sanguine, and most flagitious memory, 'tis highly probable, cultivated in his boyish days (by torturing insects) that savage ferocity, which afterwards stigmatized his imperial station, rendering him equally terrible and detestable.

Hence it may not be superfluous to remark, that even the slightest symptoms of barbarity in youth should be carefully watched, and closely nipped.

Let not the mother's mistaken maxim, that the sweet creatures will know better presently, relax due care. The same delusive palliation may be fatally applied to pilfering, profanation, lying, and every other mental contamination youth are liable to.

The weeds of vice more choak up, and impoverish the fairest fruit of the mind than noxious weeds of the field do  
the

## VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 11

the richest crops of agriculture: the soil may be naturally good, but in due care of the husbandman, and a competent knowledge of the seasons, with due exertion of industry, rest the prime source of real future advantage. Speculation may plausibly project, but practice must eventually perfect.

*Misapplication of talents* is a general mistake in life, and stands chiefly derivable from the ignorant vanity, or insatiable avarice of parents. The former is mostly to be found on the female side, and in the male order, who often pervert a good natural mechanic for church preferment, in which state they disgrace themselves and religion, or foolishly make a tolerable shop-keeper a frivolous, fair-weather, cockaded coxcomb, with romantic ideas of having bishops and generals in their families.

A circumstance recurs to my memory not misapplicable, and, I trust, rather pleasant.

A *dignitary* of a certain *cathedral* passing through its yard was accosted by a cleaner of shoes, humbly craving audience:  
With

With all that pompous pride incident to clerical consequence, the *parson* nodded consent.

The shoe-varnisher, thus permitted, accepted the liberty granted :

"Your venerable worship may know, as you must see, how that I am in years, and going down the hill fast, as *we* all must under your worship's favour."

Here, a heavy frown from the churchman, at the irreverent *equalizing* monosyllable *we*,—"and as I would say, most venerable preacher! though I believe, as how, your worship is above that part of the business, and leaves it to journeymen."

"You are an ignorant, or an impertinent fellow, but go on more to the purpose, or go about your business."

"I will be brief, gracious Sir, I have a son, a very hopeful son, though not so old, wiser than his father by odds, as all the oldest neighbours say; now, Sir, I was thinking of making him a parson."

"Well, friend, but has education qualified him?"

"Pretty

“ Pretty well, I believe, Sir, though  
 “ I am no *schollard* myself; but after all,  
 “ I have seen so many clever *poor parsons*,  
 “ and so many *rich dull* ones, that I am  
 “ afraid, without interest, to venture  
 “ him in that line of life.

“ Then, I thought of physic as a very  
 “ easy road to a carriage, besides, being  
 “ father to a doctor, would make me  
 “ something of a great man; but I don’t  
 “ know how it is, I have a great regard  
 “ for my poor lad, and would not saddle  
 “ him with any business that he could not  
 “ thrive by. Now, he is so tender-heart-  
 “ ed, that he can’t bear to see any thing  
 “ in pain, particularly a fellow-creature,  
 “ so that I am sure, without any regard to  
 “ fees, he would cure as fast as possible,  
 “ and of course, be hated by all the apo-  
 “ thecaries. Then, I thought of making  
 “ him a lawyer, but as he has been always  
 “ very fond of telling truth, and never  
 “ could abide cheating, lying, and false-  
 “ swearing, and I believe would not en-  
 “ deavour, for a *fee*, to bring an honest  
 “ man to the gibbet, or save a rogue  
 “ from it, he must make but a very  
 “ thread-



“ thread-bare, term-trotting lawyer; so,  
 “ that after all, I believe I shall bring  
 “ him up in my own profession of shoe-  
 “ polishing; for in that his bread will de-  
 “ pend upon diligence and cleverness,  
 “ summer and winter will be equally his  
 “ friend, and no starving vacations hap-  
 “ pen to pinch him.”

Here, the worn-out patience of the mortified parson shewed itself, in three or four grunts of sovereign contempt, and a retreat as precipitate as the importance of his gait and function would admit, while the arch polisher inwardly triumphed at the success of his own waggish humour, and the pumpkin importance of the reverend, large bodied drone.

CHAP. III.

*The contrast of age and youth, frost and fire, grey-headed folly, and beardless wisdom—Education, its good and bad effects exemplified in morals as well as in manners, by the head and heart acting in contact with each other—Sympathy and common charity—Universal benevolence, and mere pity, strongly depicted by two rich anecdotes of the late marquis of Granby.*

**T**RUTH has many modes of approach, but seldom appears so powerful, as when she comes in the well fitted robe of allusion. Æsop has diffused more morality, than the cart-loads of contention relative to theology. Tell even a sensible and patient man abruptly of error and failing, his nature will recoil, and the matter appear rather in an inimical light, than a friendly one; take one instance out of a multitude which might be given.

An elderly gentleman upon the authority of his years, which however should  
never

never trespass on the line of good manners, chose to reprove a young gentleman, rather indelicately, for what he churlishly chose to call idle foppery, foolish fashion and prodigal taste—

To which, he was properly answered, that the eyes of age and youth are full as different in their views of life, as they are in the perception of letters on paper, the frost of one would chill the fire of the other; this often produces a leaping over all bounds, rather than to bear the intolerable bonds of unjust limitation.

Two neighbouring country gentlemen, each of considerable fortune, had two sons of man's estate, one was allowed the means of every reasonable, suitable enjoyment, the sports of the field, the amusements of the city, fashionable dress, and a becoming suite of servants; his enjoyments were unrestrained, except by natural prudence, and in general had the turn of elegant simplicity: He was generous without ostentation, discerning without affectation, learned without pedantry, justly condescending, and possessed

sound sense, without the slightest taint of scholastic pride ; he laughed with pleasurable sensations only, and those not derived from rude assaults upon decency, but such harmless flashes of wit as set the table on a roar, and healthful excursions of moderate merriment.

Young Joskins, his neighbour, by the death of a rigid father, who had neglected his education, pinched his pocket, and frequently threshed him ; suddenly plunged into opulence, to which he had been so perfect a stranger, that he did not know how to make one proper point of application. Incapable of selecting proper associates, and proud to be the leading man, squire, or king of his company, as it is called,—a most pitiable ambition !—he murdered succeeding years without remorse, and the most favourite amusement he had, was to stay in a butcher's shop, while the agreeable entertainment of *killing* was going forward ; the pleasure of seeing a sheep, hog, or lamb expire, generally produced half a crown, and the triumphant pleasure of *personally* bringing down an ox, a whole one.



However strange it may seem, yet true it is, that there are many *squires* of similar delicacy.

*Benevolence* is confessedly a noble mental impulse, when rightly directed, but rather a weakness, when indiscriminate and misapplied. In its proper channels, and due bounds, it beautifully expands the love-foldings of the human heart; it is far above, and very different from what is commonly stiled *charity*, I mean, street alms, which are extorted by methodical applications of mendicant professors, who possess themselves of such fervent prayers, pitiable appearance, piercing complaints, squalid looks, and tattered garments, that they excel stage effect, in raising, exciting, and commanding the passion of pity.

Having touched upon this point, I shall mention instances of distinguished characters, for the gratification of human minds, as next to doing acts of benevolence, seeing, or reading of them, must awaken and raise the most pleasing sensibility.

A late noble *marquis*, not more distinguished by intrepidity in war, than benevolence

volence in peace, was walking with a Scots physician on the *strand* at Scarborough, when a wooden-legged son of Neptune, with a voice rough as the element he belonged to, addressed the noble lord for charity, who looking at him, immediately searched his pockets, but not finding a supply suitable to the extent of his commiseration, he applied to his physical companion for the loan of a guinea, who drawing out a well-tied purse, with apparent reluctance, picked out the piece, and delivered it with this œconomical remark, "your lordship's goodness is much imposed upon by various impostors; this fellow, most probably, will turn the guinea in- to dissolute entertainment, while it lasts, for petticoat vultures."

"Doctor," replied the liberal-minded marquis, "I asked you for a guinea, not for advice. As to impostors, I had rather be imposed on by ten deceitful, or even unworthy, than miss one real object."

The same beneficent ornament of nobility, while he was member of a social band, called the Scarborough hunt, had application made to him by that society, for

assistance, in the way of contribution, to release a farmer from prison, who had several times in their sporting excursions, entertained them with very relishable and hospitable *snacks*. His lordship rather coldly declined, but the next day went personally to the prison, drank a bottle of wine with the farmer, promised payment of the debt, gave him two guineas, all the money he had about him, to go to the hunting club, at such a house, with his compliments, for the subscription he had raised, generously remarking, that release from imprisonment, was much enriched, by setting the object afloat again in the world.

To throw additional light upon this nobleman's truly great and amiable mind, I shall offer a lighter, yet not less pleasing instance of his philanthropy.

A person who had served as surgeon's mate, two or three campaigns under him, in Germany, became, from the reduction of the troops, exceeding low in circumstances; the anxiety of his mind, drove him to the known patron of distress, then at his father's castle in Lincolnshire. Upon application

application at the castle gate, he met a churlish rebuff from the porter, who said, the marquis had so many importunate followers, that he had positive orders not to receive any message from such, and by no means to admit them within the gate; repulsed and most heartily mortified by this very inhospitable intimation, the poor surgeon retreated, but fortunately met the marquis, who thinking he saw some military semblance about him, called out, "halloo! brother soldier, have you been at the castle?" "I have, my lord." "I hope you got good old English entertainment." "Indeed, my lord, through the porter's harshness, I could not peep on the inside of the gate, and on asking for your lordship, I received my dismissal with a very churlish remark, that your lordship was pestered with such numberless thread-bare solicitors, that his grace's steward, Mr. Drake, had given positive orders to exclude at the gate, all such as he then did." "Very well, replies the *marquis*, I will enquire into the matter, walk by the horse's side, who shall keep pace with you to the



"the castle, and there I'll settle matters."

They soon reached *Belvoir*, when the marquis introduced the doctor with some ceremony, and much kindness, as a friend of his, and solicited the *duke*, for leave to dine with his friend ; knowing from the doctor's seedy appearance, that confusion in the duke's presence, would damp the dinner, and all social enjoyment after it ; he therefore solicited his father's leave, to dine with his humble guest, in a separate apartment, which being granted, he urged another request, that Mr. *Drake*, the steward, might be ordered to attend him, and the doctor at dinner ; this, (though it surprized the duke) obtained compliance, and Mr. Drake handed the first plate from the marquis to the doctor, when the marquis commending his sensible compliance, bid him not misuse authority again, and then relieved him from further attendance, remarking, that neither *duck* nor *drake*, if ever he possessed that castle, should exclude an honest man, from meeting hospitality at his gate.

The

The *Author* having known his military prowess, and experienced his personal liberality, cannot avoid offering the following slight memorial.

For courage, *Granby* eminently stood,  
 Yet not more valiant, than supremely good ;  
 True to his country in the sanguine field,  
 He fought, to conquer, and disdain'd to yield ;  
 The soldier's patron, and his laurel'd chief,  
 Munificent promoter of relief,  
 So much the patron of the public good,  
 To that he gave his fortune and his blood ;  
 Lib'ral as air, and as the sun-beams kind,  
 Enrich'd with true nobility of mind ;  
 Who ne'er let *surly Swifts* exile the poor,  
 From the kind threshold of his bounteous door,  
 But ever gave with most unsparing hand,  
 At merit's or humanity's command ;  
 Who never could against their call contend,  
 The orphan's parent, and the widow's friend ;  
 Yet, ah ! he fell ! the muse must leave him here,  
 And yield soft tribute in the melting tear ;  
 His mortal part owns general decay,  
 While his immortal soars thro' endless day.

## C H A P. IV.

*Encouragement of genius and talent—A judicious patron—A search for merit, or Diogenes's lanthorn to discover an honest man—Anecdote of the late Sir George Saville—A visit to the snug club in Yorkshire—Various characters and rich traits of originality—The Leeds merchant and his two daughters.*

WHILE we are thus contemplating the beauties of benevolence, human nature's most amiable, though not most ostentatious ornament, give me leave to introduce Sir George Saville, who as a senator, never was known to vote with a minister, or against him, but as he conscientiously thought, right or wrong; hence, he was many years returned in the most honourable manner, that is, without expence, for the great county of York, whose unbribed electors ever attended him upon public occasions, triumphing in the man of  
their

their *volunteer* choice, as a bulwark of their privileges and liberties.

This *worthy baronet* was no less respectable as a *senator*, than as a citizen of the world ; his eye and ear were ever on the watch, for objects of real worth, while his heart and hand were as active, to minister to the meritorious ; not slight, temporary palliation of embarrassed circumstances, but radical relief, and removal of the cause.

Being closely solicited by several respectable intimates, at a public meeting in the county, for a subscription towards relief of a capital merchant, of a great trading town, near one of his estates ; he listened to the solicitation politely, but declined any concern, as, having some years before, been highly imposed on in a similar application, which occasioned him to resolve seriously, against that paltry mode of benevolence, as he called it. When applied to upon public occasions, or to encourage individual genius, no man's purse was more ready, from five guineas to five hundred, and that in the most delicate, graceful manner ; his favours flowed in so  
easy



easy a way, that the obliged, though they felt the full force of obligation, were never forced from the mode of conferring to shrink under it.

Having enquired where the embarrassed merchant lived, he ordered a pair of horses and a servant to attend him the next morning early, when he set out on his humane expedition, in the plain garb of a reputable farmer, and having reached the neighbourhood he aimed at, put up at an inn of the second class, to avoid ostentation ; he enquired of the landlord for the gentleman ; the landlord, a blunt, well-minded man, immediately exclaimed, “ Ah ! poor soul ! as honest a man as the  
“ sun ever shone on ! what tho’ he be  
“ under a dark sort of a cloud at present,  
“ while he had it, no poor body ever went  
“ hungry from his door ; and tho’ his mo-  
“ ney’s swallowed up by the salt seas  
“ abroad, and some bankrupt rogues at  
“ home, yet he has more blessings about  
“ him, than would carry a hundred sin-  
“ ners to Heaven : I am no great scollard,  
“ Sir ; but understand, as how, that cha-  
“ rity

“ rity is the safest and quickest convey-  
“ ance that road.”

“ True, friend, (says the concealed ba-  
“ ronet) as I have some particular business  
“ with Mr. —, send, to let him know  
“ that a person at your house, no matter  
“ for any particular name, wishes to speak  
“ with him on a very particular occasion,  
“ or will wait on him according to ap-  
“ pointment at his own house.”

“ Ah ! Sir, returns the landlord, with  
“ a piteous shake of the head——  
“ Neither of these will do, I am afraid ;  
“ you look, Sir, like a plain honest kind  
“ of a man, and may be really so, for  
“ aught I know, but wolves very often  
“ wear sheep’s cloathing ; if I was to send,  
“ I know the gentleman would not come  
“ out, nor would I be accessory to drawing  
“ him forth into danger, but if you could  
“ put off the business to the day after to-  
“ morrow, *Sunday*, why then you know,  
“ friends may drink together, without any  
“ fear of a caption.”

“ The precaution, landlord, says Sir  
“ George, is undoubtedly right, and tho’  
“ there is scarce any character in life I  
“ would

“ would not rather be mistaken for, than  
 “ such a blood-fucking envenomed viper  
 “ of the law, I must endeavour to amuse  
 “ myself till Sunday, to prove the recti-  
 “ tude of my intention.”

“ Have you any tolerable company in  
 “ the evening ?”

“ Oh yes, Sir, the clerk of the parish,  
 “ who sings a rare good song, (between  
 “ ourselves) much better than a psalm,  
 “ and a schoolmaster that is wonderful  
 “ wise, and talks politics like an angel;  
 “ I have heard him say such things about  
 “ liberty and property, as would make a  
 “ coward fight, and a brave man tremble :  
 “ but lack-a-day ! what have I to do  
 “ with such wise things ? If I can sell my  
 “ beer while it's good, pay my rent and  
 “ taxes, keep the wolf from the door, and  
 “ never want good beef and pudding of  
 “ a Sunday ; I'll give fortune a receipt  
 “ in full, and never repine that she does  
 “ not give me more.”

“ Truly philosophical indeed, landlord !  
 “ I'll put myself under your guidance,  
 “ during my short stay both for entertain-  
 “ ment and society.”

“ If

“ If you please then, Sir, says the land-  
 “ lord, I’ll let you know when they arrive,  
 “ and introduce you as well as I can ; if  
 “ it is not quite so genteel, I’ll engage for  
 “ sincerity, and that your worship knows  
 “ is as good, if not better than old gold ;  
 “ not indeed, as the saying is, to go to  
 “ court or market with, but to smoothe a  
 “ man’s pillow, and soften his slumbers :  
 “ that’s none of my own, Sir, but when I  
 “ hear a good thing, I *scores* it down in my  
 “ memory—but I hear a bell ring as if  
 “ Squire Fox-Chace was in the house,  
 “ and he’ll have nobody to wait on him  
 “ but myself, so your worship will pardon  
 “ me.”

“ Certainly—send me in a pint of wine,  
 “ and pen, ink and paper.”

“ I shall, your worship, and be sure to let  
 “ you know when the gentlemen of the  
 “ *snug club* comes.”

Such rhapsodical nothingness to a man  
 of less knowledge and conformity, would  
 have been intrusive and wearisome, but  
 to one of Sir George’s cast, who investi-  
 gated the various volumes of humanity,  
 from a frivolous duodecimo, to an import-  
 ant



ant folio, it afforded fresh matter for transitory, yet not unuseful contemplation.

About eight o'clock in the evening, a weekly club called the *SNUGS*, appeared, Sir *George* was introduced, and as visitor, cordially received.

The chair being taken by Mr. Textwell, a young self-important, pedantic curate, he opened the evening with an affected address, nearly to the following effect, if presuming incoherence can bear any effect, save that of raising reprobation, or contempt :

“ *Gentlemen*, while I have the ineffable honour of belonging to the very respectable  
 “ society of *Snugs*, either as president, or  
 “ private member, I must be actuated by  
 “ one leading principle of *freedom*, and its  
 “ attendant, *decorum*, for without freedom,  
 “ our tongues might as well be tied, and  
 “ without decorum, we should be no less  
 “ than European Hottentots : I have often  
 “ lamented, that our age and climate  
 “ produce not the Falernian juice, which  
 “ moistened Horace’s convivial muse, and  
 “ gave birth to his mellifluent bacchanalian  
 “ odes : the songs of Anacreon, gentlemen,  
 “ are

“are as much above all other compositions of the kind as champaign is above cyder, and burgundy above small beer.

“*Avast, avast*, Mr. Parson, exclaims an almost worn-out navy officer ; you may know books, because as how ’tis your trade ; but I can navigate the coast of good fellowship, and take soundings of a can of flip, or a bowl of grog as well as any he that ever stept between stem and stern.”

*Fleece*, a clothier, declared in very emphatic terms, “that the woollen manufacture only, should engage the thoughts of true Britons ; it was better than all the volumes that could be found in all the libraries in the world ; that it employed all sexes and all ages ; filling the empty bellies of the poor, to keep the fat backs of the rich : it is, it is, but I have said enough, so Mr. President, and gentlemen, all your healths, in a draft of old English stingo, which is much better than master parson’s hard named stuff that he talked of just now.”

This *patriotic* remark produced three cheers to the discomfiture of the churchman,

man (and honour as they thought for old England) the priest noticed them only by an equal number of contemptuous sneers.

A *spirit merchant*, who yearned for his unmentioned business, declared, "that no wine on earth was equal to well mixed punch, of neat Coniac, genuine Holland, or right Jamaica, qualified with rice-water, spirited lemons, and a proper dash of fragrant oranges, agreeing perfectly with the song, that nectar was good punch, and good punch is nectar."

Mr. *Stay-Tape*, an eloquent taylor, who generally passed for an orator in such companies as he mingled with, because he had been chairman at that unconscionable court of conscience, where justice droops in a lamentable state of despondence, and the trade of perjury is in so flourishing a state, that two people snatch up the *Holy Evangelists*, to swear in direct contrast to each other : Mr. Stay-Tape declared, that "no man had more regard for the public good than he had, that he entirely agreed with Mr. Fleece, the clothier, that the  
" woollen

“ woollen manufacture was a national  
 “ pillar, nicely cut and beautifully shaped  
 “ by his fraternity ; that the progress of  
 “ his profession, from the original fig-leaf  
 “ suits of Eden, to the birth-day trappings  
 “ of St. James’s, was astonishing ; that  
 “ fashion was the most splendid appendage  
 “ of human nature, and contention in it  
 “ the noblest emulation ; that beaux and  
 “ fops, however satirized by surly cynics,  
 “ were the truest patriots ; and that the  
 “ science, rudely begun by our first pa-  
 “ rents, was more improved at this pre-  
 “ sent day, than any other mechanical  
 “ point of human application.”

Plainwell, a carpenter, rose, and de-  
 claimed as follows : “ Gemmen, though  
 “ I have not much time to study speech-  
 “ ifying, yet, as several persons I know,  
 “ speak whatever comes uppermost, ex-  
 “ trumpere, I think they call it, why  
 “ should not I have that privilege as well  
 “ as another ? for I always work upon  
 “ the *square* and *plane*, my way before me.  
 “ You talk of this trade of covering bodies  
 “ with frippery ; but I deal, gemmen, in  
 “ coverings to shelter millions from various  
 D “ inclemencies



“ inclemencies of the seasons, and above  
 “ all, we build those floating bulwarks of  
 “ liberty, that defend us from the Pope,  
 “ the Pretender, and the Devil.”

The mention of this last personage  
 stocked a *methodist* present, who declared  
 with nasal eloquence, and enthusiastic  
 eagerness, “ that the cords of faith were  
 “ more effectual to bind the cloven-foot-  
 “ ed, than the united cables of ten men of  
 “ war ; that faith was a sheet anchor  
 “ in the mind of man ; that it was a safe  
 “ harbour from storms, a cloak of shelter  
 “ in gloom of winter, and a comfortable  
 “ companion in the sun-shine of summer ;  
 “ he that wants it, is naked, though robed  
 “ in golden array, and he that has it,  
 “ is richly clad, though in tattered gar-  
 “ ments.”

“ Fine jaw,” says *Oxdown* a *butcher*,  
 “ one cloaths the back, another builds  
 “ the house, another takes care of the  
 “ soul ; but who, my lads, takes care of  
 “ the main chance, the *belly* ? I can *handle*  
 “ an ox with any man within twenty miles,  
 “ tell his weight standing, within two  
 “ stone

“stone out of a hundred, and how he’ll  
“die as to tallow, well or ill.”

“Ah! says the *Methodist*, that is all  
“thy thought of death : Ah! thou art a  
“poor wretched bankrupt.”

“I, a bankrupt, replies Oxdown, im-  
“petuously, I can pay twenty shillings  
“in the pound, where such snivellers as  
“you can’t pay five ; I have no *where-*  
“*as* against my name ; I have a great  
“mind to set Mr. Snake, my attorney, on  
“your back.”

“Peace, neighbour, replies Snuffle, be  
“not so cholerick, he that runs so fast,  
“cannot hold his pace long ; breath and  
“strength will fail ; when I said bank-  
“rupt, I meant it in a spiritual, not a tem-  
“poral sense, and there we are all bank-  
“rupts, and stand very little chance of  
“having our certificates signed at the  
“office of grace, unless we exhibit  
“an acceptable dividend of unfeigned  
“repentance, towards restitution of our  
“carnal debts, contracted by unruly pas-  
“sions, and only to be paid off by spiri-  
“tual grace.”

The enthusiast's simple, but zealous remarks of forgiveness and conciliation, occasioned a general plaudit, which having at length subsided into silence, a self-important follower of Crispin, first moistening the organs of oratory with a tremendous swig from a foaming pot of sound butt beer, expressed himself as will be found in the ensuing chapter.

C H A P. V.

*Continuation of the former subjects.—A Derbyshire squire, or a great fox-hunter.—Human insensibility equal to instinctive brutality.—Whim, sentiment, and reflection in a mingled mass.*

CRISPIN observed, “ that *all* had been  
 “ said was without an *end*; that the *seams*  
 “ of argument were not well *closed*; that  
 “ several of them were as bunglingly  
 “ joined as if the *top* and *leg* of a jack-  
 “ boot were joined to a dog-skin *upper*  
 “ and a buff *sole*; therefore, he would  
 “ say no more; that *all* gentlemen who  
 “ venture to speak would be particularly  
 “ nice at *last* in making an *end*; that for  
 “ his own part, he had a heart of *ben-*  
 “ *leather*; that the roughest rubs of life  
 “ could make very little impression upon  
 “ him; and that he had frequently fur-  
 “ nished men of the first rank (bishops  
 “ not excepted) with UNDERSTANDINGS  
 “ of the best fort; and that no man took  
 “ more



“ more care to have all matters brought  
“ to an END.”

Mr. RHUBARB, an *apothecary*, declared with professional precision, “ that  
“ the times were rank with *corruption* ;  
“ that the *body politic* was in too *pletthoric*  
“ a state, and wanted smart applications  
“ of *phlebotomy* to prevent the dreadful  
“ effects of a *state fever*.”

“ Hold, doctor, (*exclaims the butcher*)  
“ for this disorder you speak of, would  
“ not a certain quantity of *bemp*, well  
“ twisted, and *properly* applied to the  
“ necks of about twenty great persons,  
“ work a better effect than all the drugs  
“ in your shop ?”

Here ensued a general plaudit, and a most unconstrained, unanimous *patriotic laugh*, save from the Methodist, who snuffled out a pious and loyal objection against opposing the higher powers, and reluctantly rendering Cæsar his due.

Sir George, upon intimation from the president, that a speech was not only allowed of, but by the rules of the club, expected from every visiting member, said, that he would, though unprepared for a  
matter

matter of the sort, deliver a few brief sentiments.

He set out with observing, " that as  
 " gentlemen of different, useful situations in life had delivered themselves in  
 " professional terms, with which he was  
 " not thoroughly acquainted, and as no  
 " precise subject appeared for consideration, he would confine himself to the  
 " political hints that had fallen. He proceeded, that the British constitution  
 " exhibited excellent political materials,  
 " which were, however, mingled with a  
 " vast number of deformities, all springing from those pernicious parents, ambition and self-interest, the most voracious and insatiable monsters of human  
 " nature.

" At courts, human nature was liable to perversion in every shape, and  
 " that fallibility is the inseparable companion of man even in his wisest and  
 " most virtuous state: therefore, we  
 " should be cautious of criminating any  
 " character, especially one in an arduous,  
 " exalted station.

" I would

"I would wish every man to be as free  
"in sentiment and speech as justice and  
"decency will admit. I will venture to  
"urge one incontestible truth, that even  
"ministerial tools, or hacks, as they are  
"more justly and emphatically styled, are  
"never totally wrong, nor the soundest  
"patriots at all times uniformly right.

"A rage of politics, give me leave to  
"say, is a popular fever, often malign-  
"nant, and frequently fatal. Thus,  
"briefly putting you in possession, gen-  
"tlemen, of my leading sentiments, I  
"shall conclude with a wish, founded  
"on philanthropy, that every member of  
"society would rectify his own private af-  
"fairs, and regulate his manners before  
"he sets himself adrift in the ocean of  
"political concerns, or bewilders himself  
"in the labyrinth of their multitudinous  
"connections, and that a desirable refor-  
"mation of *manners* can never be expect-  
"ed until each member of society looks  
"seriously and candidly at home, and  
"minds his own."

*The pedant president* thanked *Sir George*  
coolly, and said, "that though Demoste-  
" nian

“ nian fire, Ciceronian energy, nor Iso-  
 “ cratean ease, were not discoverable in  
 “ the gentleman’s harangue, yet, every  
 “ apparent classical defect was amply  
 “ atoned for, by the solid truths and inde-  
 “ pendent spirit, it agreeably manifested.”

The time appropriated by the club-  
 rules for oratorical exertions, being ex-  
 hausted, and the limited hour for stay,  
 eleven o’clock, having tinkled in their  
 ears the salutary warning, they retired  
 like prudent sons of social enjoyment  
 with spirits desirably raised, and judg-  
 ment brightened, though not to the blaze  
 of inebriated phrenzy.

Having regained his chamber, Sir  
*George* was roughly, but sincerely com-  
 plimented by the landlord, for speechifying  
 so finely, so sweetly, “ Ah! you have the  
 “ knack! what you said, Sir, was solid,  
 “ and rich as a marrow pudding, stiff  
 “ with plumbs, mellow as old *Cheshire*,  
 “ and strong as any seven-year old stingo,  
 “ that justice *Mittimus*, my landlord,  
 “ says, is better than all the rot-gut  
 “ wine that ever came from popish  
 “ ground, and gardens of arbitrary power.”

He



He therefore commended a tankard and a toast plentifully nutmegged to Sir George's acceptance, by way (as he phrased it) of closing the orifice of the stomach; which the baronet declined with his usual good-nature, under a wish for "immediate repose."

On *Saturday* evening, Sir George sent an invitation to the involved merchant to breakfast on Sunday morning, who punctually attended the hospitable summons, when after some common-place introductory chat, the baronet entered delicately upon the subject of their interview, told him "he had been much preff-  
 "ed at Doncaster races to assist a sub-  
 "scription set on foot there in *his* favour;  
 "that having for many years maintained  
 "invariably a resolution not to counte-  
 "nance such collections, which are often  
 "promoted in favour of most worthless  
 "objects; yet, this does not close my  
 "feelings of benevolence towards a meri-  
 "torious fellow-creature, though un-  
 "known and unfriended.

"I have ever thought, that patching  
 "up a man's shattered circumstances in  
 "part,

“ *part*, is but a penurious exertion of humanity, wherefore, I came on purpose to tell you, that if you are willing to lay a candid and correct state of your circumstances before Mr. —, the Attorney of your own town here, through him, you shall receive on your own personal security, at eighteen months, or two years date, the sum your present wants may require; how much may it be?” “Two thousand pounds,” replies the merchant, (his eyes swelling with tears of gratitude) “would remove every impediment of fortune, and set my manufactories in favourable motion.”

“Then, Sir, in three days, Mr. *Draftwell* shall call with requisites of full relief. In return, I have only one request to prefer, that you will not aim at any more particular knowledge of me than you have at present.” This peculiar injunction was politely, but rather reluctantly complied with.

Sir *George* called for his servant and horses, took cordial leave of his talkative landlord, rode off without ostentation, and left an honest heart illumined with  
sun-shine,

sun-shine, which he had found enveloped with a very fable cloud of melancholy.

In nine months, the revived, re-established object of Sir *George's* singular liberality, by happy returns in trade, and a flow of favourable fortune, was able to repay the two thousand pounds, and accordingly sent notice of it to the attorney, who wrote to Sir *George*, and he, willing to see the happy change he had wrought, took another trip *incog.* to Leeds, there passed a couple of days, and received his money with a proposal of interest, which Sir *George* peremptorily declined, spiritedly asserting, “but though a plain man, “he had a spirit above usury, and a mind “emancipated from the mean shackles “of selfishness; but, continued he, I “think, Sir, you have two daughters, “I could wish to take leave of them, and “to present them with a little mark of “my esteem.”

The young ladies were called, and flew on the glad wings of filial duty, at the well-known, venerated sound of a father's well-known, venerated voice; when they appeared, Sir *George* took each by the

the hand, and saluted each with a kiss of *parental* nature, wishing them a safe entrance into the happy state of matrimony, and hoped they would not deem him indelicate if he insisted on presenting them with wedding suits; at which words he slipped the notes he had received for two thousand pounds, equally divided, into their hands, made a hasty bow, and an anxious retreat, wishing delicately, to preclude the worthy effusions of gratitude.

Fortune atones for a thousand slips of her blind partialities, by furnishing a man of Sir *George's* sensibility and great goodness of heart, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds a year. It was founding a bank of benevolence for the distressed, whereon no claims of vice or prodigality, however specious, could swindle away the rich resources of an extensive purse, and more extended mind.

While we contemplate with pleasure, and admire with justice, such an amiable specimen of human nature, let us wish, for the honour of our species, a large extension



tension of such judicious and spirited philanthropy.

As *Contrasts* best show the striking parts of character, and like the lights and shades in painting, bring forward the figures with more boldness, the reader is presented with another *baronet* not far distant from the former, but as far removed from the graces of his mind as the *Ganges* from the *Thames*; and as far from the knowledge of his head as sterility from fecundity.

Sir *Frederic Foxchace*, whose real name is *funk*, through respect for his family, did not want for tolerable natural parts, nor respectable cultivation of his faculties; yet, so vastly egregious in perversion and application of them, that they only operated to disgrace themselves and their heterogeneous possessor.

Every man, as Mr. *Sterne*, with his usual emphatic brevity and judgment observes, has his hobby-horse, and forms a pace for his palfry to his own liking.

The *Atlaon* baronet devoted his foremost concerns to consolidate the pedigree  
of

of a favourite hound rather more dearly than his own.

The *brush* of *Reynard* he estimated as a richer trophy of conquest, and the clearing a five barred gate, a six feet wall, or a twenty feet drain, superior to any action of Marlborough, Wolfe, or Alexander.

His *huntsman* was his *prime-minister*; his *groom* and *whipper-in* his *cabinet counsellors*, who could, at any time, DO HIM OVER, as they phrased it, for half a crown or half-a-guinea, and while occasional bumpers of wine flowed plentifully within, and shivering merit met no other reception at his proud, inhospitable gate, than a savage and dangerous repulse from some of his hounds, who, when in pack, are the fiercest of the canine species, but, like all cowards, timid to the highest degree when single.

To complete a faithful picture of this Derbyshire oddity, let the reader be informed, that he wrote to a southern county of Scotland, offering two guineas a piece for all the live foxes that should be delivered to his agents, and that he should send proper carriages of conveyance for the

the animals. On the joyful intelligence that three hundred of the *Volpone* race were in captivity and ready for his commands, he dispatched vehicles, constructed for the purpose, and had the glorious acquisition conveyed to his family seat, from whence he let them loose to make, as he said, that country the noblest sporting spot in the kingdom. When complaints were made, that the *tenants* of his own estate and several neighbouring ones, with all their fowls and most of their new yeaned lambs were destroyed, he coolly and cavalierly said, these were low and paltry considerations opposed to his health and amusement; however, that as he should hunt three times a week, and never bag one fox that had earthed, the number of those dreaded animals would be considerably diminished, and 'till he found sport slack, he would not send for any fresh supply.

Should not a mortal of such undeserved prosperity, who might have done his rank, ancestry, and fortune ample credit, merit (if the Pythagorean system could be admitted) to be transmigrated into the  
shattered

shattered frame of an old foundered hunter dragging a sand cart? or, a cast, dismissed war-horse, devoted to strain and starve under merciless loads of various kinds to and from the custom-house? Would, the commendable humanity shewn by that great, though blind-folded people, the Turks, was extended to that class of Christians, who wantonly tyrannize over, or cruelly neglect those noble animals on whom they depend for support.



## C H A P. VI.

*Irish beauty and English dissipation.—*

*Masquerade wit and a royal repartee.—*

*Matrimonial remarks, connubial love, and  
legal prostitution.*

**T**HE following very useful and pertinent anecdote, though perhaps not consistent with the rules of dear Bon Ton, may not be amiss to give to the females of the present age:

*A young lady of Ireland with her sister were taken under patronage of the then viceroy to London. The two Hibernian beauties had been furnished with all polite accomplishments, though very few essential points of useful education; the handling of needles for a housewifely purpose was as impracticable as wielding the spear of Ajax, or the raising a standing crust of a pye, as difficult as raising fortifications round a barrier town.*

*They had not been long at the brilliant circle of St. James's, 'till all the flies  
of*

of fashion winged and buzzed around them, married as well as single. These delicate creatures who, as soon as touched, are tainted, like shamble flies in the dog-days, which as Shakespeare says, "Quicken even with blowing."

*Their Nestorian patron* preserved them equally from improper levity, or insulting trespasses on virtuous restriction.

A young lord, whose fortune and title outweighed every other possession, hung before her view a circlet of gold with five balls on as many pyramidical points, flew away with her to the ruinous land of ill-concerted matrimony, from whence no comfort arose, for as to public splendor, it soon sated her mind, inasmuch, that at a court masquerade she appeared in the habit of a Grecian slave profusely chained with diamonds and other Oriental gems.

Her figure struck the view of a Dominoed mask, whom she well knew to be *royal*, from an unmasked aid de camp who moved after, or near him.

He approached her gallantly, and said, he had never seen a more elegant, or more aptly dressed character.

"True, Sir," says she, "the dress has  
"taste, and the diamond chains exactly  
"manifest my real state, the links of my  
"matrimonial chains, they were made  
"up of such glistening materials which I  
"put on without thought, and have worn  
"with very pungent pain, though at the  
"medium of life, and possessed of every  
"human enjoyment (save content) within  
"my reach, yet my relish even for ele-  
"vated existence is so effectually palled,  
"that I would not give fifty guineas for  
"insurance of twenty years life to come,  
"save for one point of curiosity which  
"possesses me much."

"What is that?" says the domino.  
"Why, a coronation! Old people tell me  
"it is a very splendid spectacle, my robes  
"sha'n't shame my rank."

Her occasional companion started and  
marched off abruptly, but without any  
other mark of resentment, though remark-  
ably quick and impetuous of temper,  
his own death being the point of her mad-  
cap wish and wit.

However, this admired and really ex-  
quisite work of Nature hurried herself  
out

out of life by dissipation and noxious paint long ere her simple and ill-timed wish could be fulfilled.

The vanity of human wishes has been forcibly set forth by several eminent satirists in different languages, but no lesson was ever more concise, copious, or impressive, than is evidently inculcated by Shakespeare as follows:

“Get thee to my lady’s chamber, and  
“tell her, though she paints an inch  
“thick, to this complexion she must come  
“at last.”

The complexion of what? Don’t be startled at a certain though unpolite truth, ladies, a yellow chapless scull; he then proceeds most instructively thus—  
“Think’st thou Alexander looked of  
“this fashion in the dust? Just so, and  
“scented so? Then, why might not one  
“trace the mighty dust of laurelled Alex-  
“ander stopping a beer-barrel? That  
“would be to trace the matter too cu-  
“riously; not at all, but with likelihood  
“enough; for instance, Alexander died,  
“Alexander was buried, Alexander turn-  
“ed to dust, of dust we make loam, and  
“why



“why of that loam might not a part be  
“appropriated to the stoppage of a beer-  
“barrel?”

Imperial Cæsar dead, and turn'd to clay,  
May patch a wall to keep the wind away;  
Oh! that that earth which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the water's flaw!

C H A P. VII.

*Royal oddity—Royal wit—Royal patronage  
in the character of James the first.—  
Revival of knighthood.—An academical  
serjeant of foot.—A Shandean parson.—  
Dissipation.—Powerful peculiarity.—Pe-  
nury.—Liberality.—Epitaph.*

THAT royal oddity, *James the first*, who often *said* but seldom *did* a good thing, (which character his grandson, the second Charles, fully manifested and industriously supported) having been thrown out of a chace in Scotland before he attained the English crown, was obliged, on approach of night, to seek hospitable shelter in a decent farm-house at the foot of a bleak mountain. He approached the place and entered: the rustic family behaved with that unaffected familiarity which uncorrupted innocence dictates. The monarch partook of homely fare with pleasing avidity. He was ushered to a *beath* bed, which is to this day

day a common accommodation for repose in abstract parts of Scotland.

*His majesty* reposed, no doubt, full as sound, and more wholesomely than if he had slept on his bed of state.

—In the morning he gratified his host, and said he had taken a liking to his son, and if the farmer would send him to Edinburgh, and enquire for James Stewart at Holy Rood House, he had influence enough to gain him considerable advancement.

“Heaven bless your worthy worship,” exclaims the old woman, with an ambition very natural to a fond mother; “mayhap your honour will be so very kind as to get our *Archy* made a gentleman.”

“I am *Lucky*,” replied the king, (in the Scotch dialect) “that you have requested what is not in my power to effect. I may have power enough to get him made a lord; the king can do that; but if he wants to be a gentleman he must make himself so, replied royal James.”

One politic idea of this pedant was to institute, or revive *orders of knighthood*, knowing

knowing well, that men as well as boys are to be caught by glittering baubles. He revived the military red-riband, or the order of the Bath, and waved knight-hood over multitudes with his indiscriminate sword.

In one of his diffuse fits, with a numerous circle of intended SIRs about him, kneeling to receive the honour, an aide-camp whispered his whimsical majesty that he observed an upper domestic of a certain court duke kneeling; "Well, says the king, did not Heaven make him a man? and why may not I make him a knight?" Giving the necessary touch to each, he bid them "rise up knights all."

Be it observed, that the object of this adventitious title, through it, married a woman with a very considerable fortune, and laid the foundation of a family who have attained peerage, not by venality, but by public and private merit.

This incident may be aptly stiled the judicious sport, not the unaccountable caprice of Fortune, who is not half so blind and partial as the prejudices of mankind paint her to be.

*As*



*As a fevered man* parched with thirst, wishes and solicits cold draughts, though under a physical certainty not only of increasing but even rendering his disease mortal, so every son of avarice takes abundant pains to plague himself, by anxiously labouring to satiate insatiability; he condemns himself to the most lamentable state of *Tantalus*; he toils like *Ixion* at his wheel; he rolls with *Sisyphus* a still revolving rock; and to be like *Prometheus*, forms a self-created vulture to prey upon the vitals of his peace. Of such enemies to themselves and society there are multitudes; and some so plausibly disguised as to be scarcely traceable.

A very complicated oddity here, presents himself to recollection, in character of a *Yorkshire parson*, who exhibited more, and greater contrarieties than any character the author ever met in his acquaintance with men or books. This *outré* son of the church was deemed at Cambridge a most promising genius, quick, penetrating and judicious; however, the death of his father, just as he had finished academical pursuits, set him free to  
the

the dissipations of life, with a small, but snug and hard-earned patrimony of one hundred and fifty pounds a year; a little morsel for the indulging vortex of London dissipation, and precipitate youthful passions.

Having beat the rounds (as buckish spirits phrase it) of that bustling microcosm, the British metropolis, for eighteen months, through many of the high, and most of the scenes of low life, he found his finances totally exhausted, therefore entered into the train of a recruiting serjeant as a private man, and acquitted himself with uncommon attention and ability for four years, in so much, that he was sent as a serjeant on a recruiting party to the East Riding of Yorkshire.

A gentleman who had been cotemporary at college with this wild son of Mars, accidentally hearing him harangue a large collection of people in the serjeant Kite strain, sent to the inn where he quartered, and desired his company to dinner, which invitation was cheerfully complied with.

At the meeting of these early, close intimates, many effusions of sincere regard  
and

and revived mutuality of satisfaction broke forth. The beverly gentleman expressed concern at seeing brilliant abilities, well cultivated, depressed to such a station as a recruiting serjeant.

“ I am (replied the serjeant) delicately  
“ and forcibly affected by your humane,  
“ rectified sensation; it proves me to have  
“ a permanent residence in your heart,  
“ which of all worldly possessions I hold  
“ dearest.” This drew forth a proposition, that a discharge from his military state should be, if agreeable, speedily obtained by interest or purchase.

That point being settled, another proposition took place, that he should assume canonical robes, on the promise of his friend to give him the presentation of a living in his gift, which, however, had a very old incumbent, almost at the last wink of this transitory life's fast flitting taper.

Six months he lived with his friend in studious regularity, and appeared to prepare with cool and constant application for that very serious change of life he was near entering into.

About

About the eight months termination was lodged his venerable predecessor, in the final and universal receptacle of dissoluted Nature. The soldier was changed from the red to the black uniform. Having received episcopal benediction, he was inducted under the usual licence to his friend's presentation.

His predecessor, having a snug estate within two miles of the church, suffered the parsonage-house to fall into a ruinous state of dilapidation, all the windows, save two, were boarded. In this roomy ruin he picked out a corner for his own bed, and determined to make one large faggot daily serve him instead of fire for the whole winter. His usual custom was to throw it out of the garret window, then run down post haste, get it on his shoulder, and toiled up with it to the top of the house, and this his penury pronounced to be the surest basis for health, and a certain mode of cheating the physical tribe, which of all mortals, save the sons of the law, he hated and railed at most. The food and wretched small-beer which he and his niece pined upon  
would



would be painful to describe, and to the feeling mind hurting, yet, once every quarter, he would sallie forth to a neighbouring market town, entertain with hospitable elegance every person whose character pleased him, and spend to the amount of fifty guineas in twelve days; the *Sabbath*, however, he always properly observed, then returned most philosophically to his weekly piece of salted neck beef, dead small-beer, and unseasoned water porridge. I shall take leave of this motley gentleman by giving two additional and poignant instances of powerful peculiarity: One Sunday morning being at the clerk's house, which was a little public one, while the toast and tankard were circulating briskly, honest Stave recollected that the bell-ringer was ill, therefore he must supply his place for the day. The *Shandean parson* immediately proposed, that if the clerk would treat him in the evening with two quarts of his best ale, he would summon the parishioners to the house of worship himself, and as a signal for beginning, he would chime the three bells somewhat quicker,

quicker, which, continued he, will give you as much time for your tap business as possible.

The proposal was received with joy, and executed with punctuality. As some respectable parishioners passed, they expressed surprise to see their pastor in so servile a state, but he reconciled the matter by observing, that the humble and meek, according to Scripture, was blessed; besides, that it is better to sit at the threshold of the Lord's house than to dwell in the palaces of princes; that he had even a physical reason, as bell-ringing, he maintained, operated more healthfully than any other exertion, peculiarly as to expanding the breast, consequently giving the lungs more healthful play.

The second circumstance proposed of this clerical curiosity is, that his house-keeper being nearly bare-footed, solicited the price of a pair of shoes, for which purpose three shillings and sixpence being advanced, with a weighty charge to chuse the most durable stuff she could meet.

The prudent girl came round his avaricious feelings in the following politic and

and commendable manner:—Being possessed of a pair of shoes which had given way in some parts while they remained quite firm in others, she consulted a cobbler who engaged to make them last as long, and look as well as any new ones she could possibly purchase. The job was agreed on, and punctually executed for eighteen-pence, which left in her hands two shillings, and upon shewing the vamped shoes she returned, explaining the economical conduct. This so strongly operated on the parson, that he shortly after rigged her with an entire new and very neat change of wearables, and casting his eye upon a respectable young farmer who possessed one hundred a year freehold., this canonical singularity made a match for his house-keeper, laying down three hundred guineas on the wedding day, and giving a bond for four hundred at the end of twelve months; that he would also lodge and board with them if agreeable, paying forty guineas a year for diet, lodging and the use of a saddle horse.

All

All preliminaries being cordially settled; all Smithfield ideas banished, and reciprocal happiness alone in view, the nuptial ceremony with a most sensible and pathetic charge was performed by the reverend patron, and much festivity crowned the happy evening.

A pleasure he found in domestic society made the parson not only cast aside his wretched abstract penury, but also those periodical fits of phrenzied extravagancies, so very unbecoming to his sacred function, and his own natural good sense. To trace and sum up so peculiar and complicated a character, let it be observed, that he enriched natural talents with strict and profitable cultivation; when his volatile spirits led him to the strange station of a common soldier, he made a better use of it than one out of five hundred who enter into that dangerous class, which produces very respectable, and some most infamous characters. When by his friend's very spirited interference he took orders, the duties incumbent on him were always performed with awful solemnity and unremitting assiduity.

F

His



His sermons were solidly serious without a taint of gloomy enthusiasm. In his strongest fits of penury, his charitable hand was ever open to real distress. A weeping widow, a pining orphan, with the blind and maimed in general, ever found a balmy application of his truly benevolent hand. At the end of each quarter he appropriated fifty guineas, the stipend of his former frantic excursions, thirty to his niece, to accumulate during his life for her children, and twenty to charitable purposes, which he reserved for his own personal and pleasurable distribution.

He lived to see a numerous blooming race spring from the match he had made, and paid the natural debt of mankind with scarce a convulsive pang, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, full of peace, christian resignation and philosophic fortitude.

The grateful objects of his really paternal care, purchased and placed over him a neat emblematic marble memorial inscribed thus:

E P I T A P H.

From pompous monuments of pompous kings,  
Obsequious fame dear purchased praises flings;

Therefore,

## VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 67

Therefore, impress, though destitute of breath,  
A secondary royal awe in death :  
Their perishable parts more swift decay,  
Than remnants rude of rusticated clay.

Beneath reposes 'till appointed time,  
A subject infinitely more sublime ;  
A subject form'd on Nature's noblest plan,  
A MOST BENEVOLENT—MOST HONEST MAN.  
Reader, if struck with this sepulchral view,  
Go thou, and just in station, likewise do.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Use of anecdotes—One of the king of Prussia—  
 —A saving pastor and a damned flock—  
 A scene in Athens, and the state of the  
 drama there—Its powerful effect by pre-  
 cept and example—A militia colonel—A  
 regular ensign—True and false courage—  
 Irish ideas on the subject—The late Lu-  
 cas's coffee-house in Dublin—A duel.*

**A**NECDOTES when founded upon principles of moral or pleasurable tendency, convey instruction and amusement in a more concise and profitable manner, than more studious and methodical compositions; each turns upon some point, which epigrammatically enlivens the whole: A small excursion that way, to relieve length of narration, it is hoped, will here prove acceptable.

To persons of tolerable information, it is almost superfluous to observe, that religion, which should be the bond of peace, is frequently turned into the fire-brand

brand of false zeal; a *fiend*, that has caused more extensive devastation among human kind, than ever that dreadful visitation, the plague.

A *Divine*, who had more respect for the supreme and the rational eminence of his own nature, than to breathe eternity of torment for temporary crimes, many of which bear in themselves severe temporal, as well as spiritual chastisement, acquainted his congregation, that he conscientiously disbelieved irrevocable, ceaseless, never-ending punishment, but that he would admit one hundred years heavy future infliction, for every twelve months of dissipated, irreligious conduct in this life. Having preached with honest liberal zeal to this purpose, a number of gloomy zealots, who would not suffer the idea of a smiling Providence, reprobated his discourse. A sovereign German prince, well known for uncommon expansion of mind, especially in matters of religion, having heard that the clergyman just mentioned, was excluded by the overheated part of his flock, from admission to performance of his functional duty; the sensible prince ordered



ordered him free admission to his parochial pulpit.

On his first appearance therein, under such irresistible authority, the church was crowded, and a most excellent sermon ensued, but not containing any apology for renunciation of the new, and to them obnoxious doctrine he had broached, they were so outrageous, that they used the arm of flesh, accompanied with many opprobrious terms against their spiritual guide, as an apostate, heretic, and every thing abominable.

This being related to the monarch, he sent for the parson, and told him, "Sir, you  
"are a man of liberal and valuable talents,  
"unfortunately connected with  
"most uncontrollable mulish people, erroneous  
"by hereditary prejudices, and  
"obstinate by natural composition; go  
"back, compromise the matter, and since  
"they are so fond of sulphurous ideas,  
"let them know that they have *my free*  
"*consent*, and you may add *your's*, if they  
"like to be *damned to all eternity*."

*There* is one very common and most reprehensible defect in manners and feelings,  
manifested

manifested hourly, which is the contemptuous treatment of advanced years, and *silver hairs*, unless, as a dramatic author has it, they are accompanied by *golden pockets*.

The polished ancients were much more impressed with duteous respect to seniors, than our refined professors of politeness.

At Athens, that wise, refined, and most powerful political state, the *theatre* was held in high estimation, and its performers, worthy, useful citizens.

At one of their exhibitions, a decent, very elderly man, came in rather late, when every place was apparently occupied ; upon the appearance of so venerable an object, even coxcombs (for such *things* there were, even in those learned and warlike states) seemed anxious to accommodate him, which being perceived by the Theban ambassadors, they offered, and made him a place in their peculiar box, which gave the audience such pleasure, that repeated vehement sounds of applause ensued : Sorry is the writer to add, that in our churches, where urbanity  
and

and fellow feelings should peculiarly prevail, and all idea of distinction cease, real piety and decent appearance, unless possessed of a pew, or a silver key, may blush and shiver, neglected, or perhaps be sneered at in the aisle, which often forces people of just feelings, to retire abruptly in fits of temper not at all suited to the solemnity of the sacred place.

*There are few violent operations of the mind, more reprehensible, than formal challenges, those black ambassadors of savage premeditation, who for a slight slip of expression, or even a misinterpreted look, would call the object to the ground, or treat him with a walk, as it is phrased. Rencountres, when not preconcerted, are, though pitiable, at the same time pardonable.*

I recollect an anecdote in Dublin, some years since, when fighting with or without cause, was the general *ton*; the *Ormond* and *Liberty boys*, at this æra, with a lesser but more furious band of rioters, the *Kevin bail*, used to meet regularly, to perpetrate the most horrid irregularities, at the upper bridges and on the quays; there



there they would enter into the most violent, we may add, savage contests, to the great peril of peaceable passengers, until the surgeons of the neighbouring hospitals refused assistance to any person wounded in such affrays, which had a much better effect, than military power.

At the time of these mobbish disorders, a spirit of honourable discord prevailed among the high spirited males of higher rank, really, or only supposititiously gentlemen.

Nearly on the same *scite* as that of the new *Exchange*, stood a coffee-house, named Lucas's, behind which, there was a piece of ground, wherein any dispute that took a serious turn, was immediately referred to a tilting decision, a matter then so reconciled by custom and frequency, that scarce a person would stir from his coffee, tea, or newspaper, to prevent bloodshed, and promote harmony.

I shall here offer an anecdote of human nature's precipitancy, tempered with humane and dignified principles :

A young officer who had seen about twelve months service, hearing some mention



tion of the *militia*, which were at that time, indeed a ludicrous set, he sneeringly hinted that they were disagreeable to the name of soldier, and if ever called to action, admitting they stood their ground, which, however, he was not very willing to suppose, their awkwardness and confusion, would cause them to kill more of each other than they would of the enemy.

Colonel Heartwell, who commanded a battalion of this authorised mob, (as his pert companion styled them) justly thinking himself and the whole militia of the kingdom insulted, he checked the scarlet coxcomb, rather softening the matter by gently adverting to his youth.

This word, though the tenderest and most exculpatory that gentleness, friendship, or good sense could apply, fired the unfledged Quixote to terms extremely reprehensible, which caused the colonel to leave the room, and in a few minutes sending in to let ensign Spark know, a gentleman wished to have some conference with him, the volatile blade attended the summons with vivacity.

Being

Being shewn to a room at the top of the house, he found the colonel situated composedly at a table, with a bottle of wine, four horse pistols, about half a hundred bullets, and a pound of gunpowder, enclosed for safety in a cannister.

The ensign being politely inducted to a chair, and two glasses of the wine drank on each part, the colonel delivered himself to the following effect :

“ There are, Sir, trespasses against nature and station, which no degree of placid sufferance can tamely bear, however awful we may advert to or consider futurity; such a trespass you have assailed me with: Now, Sir, if you please, we’ll proceed to the serious part of the business——Come, Sir, chuse a case of those pistols, and charge them, while I do the same.”

“ Why, Sir, I have no idea that these are duelling pistols.”

“ O Sir! as we are come upon the honourable business of killing, it should not be sported or trifled with; Sir, you must put half an ounce of powder and twelve balls in each.”

“ Twelve

“ Twelve balls ! Never heard of more  
“ than a brace.”

“ No matter, here go the twelve, and  
“ young gentleman, continues the colonel,  
“ I shall attend you ; but, as we are on the  
“ brink of a precipice, down which, ha-  
“ ving once fallen, we must never hope  
“ to return, a little serious preparation is  
“ necessary”——Here, the colonel with-  
drew to some distance, and in an appa-  
rent state of prayer, solicited that as he  
had been forced into this disagreeable de-  
cision, as well as several similar ones past,  
in which his antagonists had all fallen,  
he should stand exculpated.

The fiery blade, thrown into an over-  
bearing agitation of conflicting feelings,  
was so flurried, that when desired to  
chuse and take his distance, he was so far  
unmanned, to burst into tears, when after  
a short silence, he exclaimed,

“ Oh, Sir ! I hope you will entertain no  
“ ideas of cowardice against me, when I  
“ declare my inability to stand a con-  
“ test so wantonly and unjustifiably  
“ provoked on my side.”

“ My

“ My dear Sir,” says the colonel, embracing him, “ acknowledgment of error  
“ is ample atonement to a man of candor,  
“ and shines more bright in the eagle eye  
“ of honour, than the ferocious justification  
“ of one gross error, by commission  
“ of a greater, can possibly be.”—With  
respect to duellists, I remember four very  
applicable lines :

Betray'd by honour, and compell'd by shame,  
They hazard being, to preserve a name,  
Nor once enquire into the sad mistake,  
'Till plung'd in sad eternity, they wake !

They returned to the company in cordial reconciliation, and social harmony ; nor was a syllable of the transaction known, but from the young officer, who mentioned it some time afterwards, previous to his being ordered on service abroad, where in several engagements of a sharp and severe nature, he acquitted himself with true soldierly exertion, to the satisfaction of his superiors, and fell in his thirtieth year, endeavouring to recover a pair of colours taken by the enemy.

Tho' not lamented, as a WOLFE he fell ;  
He liv'd as valued, and he died as well.



## C H A P. IX.

*The curse of avarice.—Miser and mouse.—  
Fable and truth.—The stage.—Its ill-de-  
served opprobrium.—Strolling player and  
generous farmer.—The breath of fame,  
a bubble—Perverted judgment of the  
public.*

THE *wretched slaves of avarice* are in-  
dubitably of all human creatures least  
pitied, because most despised; they la-  
bour under an encreasing thirst of gain,  
which, like the fiery drought of a fever,  
the more it is moistened, the more a de-  
fire of encreased moistening prevails, as  
a dramatic author justly observes, the  
miser endeavours to be wretched:

He hoards eternal care within his purse,  
And what he prizes most proves most his curse.

In a former chapter I ventured to throw  
a fable into the line of perusal; here  
I shall

I shall offer one of a MISER and a  
MOUSE

The narrow contracted disciples of pelf,  
Who move not an inch without thinking of self;  
Who cast upon each side suspicion's squint eye,  
And start at the gale as it whistling wings by;  
Who keep madam Fortune, at Barbarous bay;  
Who watch every night, and who scrape every day.  
T' illustrate this further, as well as I'm able,  
Permit me to call in the aid of a fable.

F A B L E.

To a MOUSE, says a MISER, my dear Mr. Mouse,  
Pray what may you please to want here in my house;  
Says the mouse, Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself quiet,  
You're safe in your person, your purse and your diet;  
A lodging I want which ev'n you may afford,  
But none would come here to beg, borrow or board.

That *most pleasing* son of poignant humour, *Scarron*, has furnished most ludicrous and highly picturesque scenes of strolling players, yet, it is apprehended, that modern days afford, among itinerant players, more matter than occurred in his days. His productions would have been vastly richer had he been possessed of those risible materials which plenteously flow from our country communities, and those

those pernicious combinations so obnoxious to nature and common sense, SPOUTING CLUBS, where Cato murders liberty in the Sternhold and Hopkins's notes of droning psalmody, or Alexander is Stentorized from the untuneable throat of a discordant black-smith, who thinks, that state-like stiffness of deportment speaks dignity, and horrid vociferation suitable spirit.

The stage has been often treated with very illiberal severity by wild enthusiasts and sour cynics: it must be allowed, in common with every other public society, it is contaminated by some unworthy beings; but when was there a bench of bishops, from the establishment of episcopacy to the present time, which had not among them some wolves in lawn? much better calculated to fleece and blood-suck their flocks, than to guard them; and as to the sons of Coke and Lyttleton, when they are considered on the bench, there are many *Volpone* characters amongst them; and the court, mercy on us! there are no words equal to the just painting of its ear-wigs, its sycophants, pensioners,

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 81

pensioners, placemen, scouts-master of the ceremonies, &c. &c. &c.

The following lines confirming in verse, what I have dispassionately urged in prose, cannot I think hang heavy on, or disgust attention, wherefore I am less scrupulous of inserting them.

The STROLLING PLAYER and GENEROUS FARMER.  
*A Poetical Tale.*

A wand'ring play'r, as story tells,  
If truth in modern stories dwells,  
A blade most volatile of kind,  
To ev'ry graver feeling blind,  
Stood loud proclaiming Richard's fate,  
Close by an honest farmer's gate,  
Who neither was a churl or braggard,  
Snug in a comfortable haggard ;  
And saw those clowns with pleasure come,  
Who heard the rattling of his drum ;  
Then feeling a keen stomach jog,  
He talk'd away to earn a *hog* ;  
And as on jost'ling block he stood,  
He curdled ev'ry rustic's blood ;  
Exerted all his piteous pow'r,  
On HENRY murder'd in the tow'r,  
Said GLOSTER basely took his life,  
And after married Edward's wife ;  
Then quickly stop'd his nephews' breath,  
By basely stifling them to death :



How, for shrinking from his aim,  
 He manag'd hot-brain'd BUCKINGHAM;  
 With many other sanguine crimes,  
 The terrors of succeeding times,  
 Till Richmond nobly made him yield  
 The bloody prize of BOSWORTH field.

The feeling farmer sighing said,  
 What ways there are of getting bread !  
 I dare say, friend, you'd think it hard,  
 To work in any farmer's yard ;  
 'Twould ill become your wig with tail,  
 To hold a plough, or wield a flail ;  
 Such folks as you so proud and fickle,  
 Can never stoop to sweep a sickle.  
 Come, tell me—tho' you speak so fine,  
 Are you assured of where you'll dine ;  
 Is any fellow in YOUR station,  
 Of half OUR value to the nation ?  
 And yet at us, you curl the nose,  
 When you are deck'd in tinsel cloaths ;  
 And get upon your simple head,  
 A monarch's crown of brass or lead,  
 With saucy jests presume to flout us,  
 Altho' no rank can do without us.

What can you say, the farmer cried,  
 Roughly in strain of rustic pride,  
 When thus the *orator* replied :

Sir, if my word you'll please to trust,  
 I own your censure often just ;  
 Experience every day declares,  
 The foppish pride of many play'rs ;

Yet

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 83

Yet fix not on a doctrine new,  
Nor blame the many for the few :  
I never yet have sold a vote,  
To line my purse or mend my coat.

True worth will every eye engage,  
Perceived or on, or off the stage :  
Professions, Sir, you'll rarely find,  
Have chang'd the native frame of mind ;  
And if a man genteelly bred,  
A blameless life has always led,  
Why will your rigid censure aim  
To blast the worth you should proclaim !  
If sometimes players meet with losses,  
All states are liable to crosses,  
Why is an actor's made a jest,  
While pity beams on all the rest ?  
Why are they subject to abuse,  
As if in league with sharking Jews ?  
Had fortune burnt your corn-ricks down,  
You, Sir, had walk'd about the town,  
And found occasional enjoyment,  
From being furnished with employment,  
Had beat a drum, or acted worse,  
To put some clink into your purse.

Here paused the youth, the farmer turn'd,  
Whose breast with true good-nature burn'd.

Of all thy trade, I ne'er espied,  
A man possess'd so little pride ;  
I ask thy pardon, honest youth,  
Thou hast spoke nothing but the truth ;  
And truth which brightens up thy praise,  
Is little prized in modern days,

To own a truth, the just man's duty,  
At market oft *we* wrong her beauty.

While in this neighbourhood you stay,  
I beg thou'lt see me every day ;  
Nor pause, if e'er thou art distress'd,  
To be a downright farmer's guest,  
A man, I dare be sworn thou art,  
Bless'd with a feeling lib'ral heart :  
And, hark-ye—nay, but nearer stand ;  
Here, take a guinea in thy hand ;  
Why dost thou shrink ? it is no bribe,  
From agent-of the courtly tribe ;  
To INNS and OYTS, I'm equal foe,  
'Till better principles they shew :  
Had'st thou been in my place, I see  
Thou would'st have acted so by me.

C H A P. X.

*The muse on the wharf of LETHE.—The late marquis of Rockingham, his public spirit; lord Chatham's in the ground work.—A strolling Jew and a settled christian.—Manufactures and their encouragement.*

**T**AKING leave of the muse for some time, and thanking her for a suitable contribution to my general purpose, I shall resume the path of anecdote. It were devoutly to be wished, that men of elevated stations and extensive fortunes would descend from the exaltation of rank to the inspection and encouragement of such manufactories as employ the greatest number of artificers, and are most suited to the genius of our country. This most estimable quality the late truly patriotic marquis of Rockingham peculiarly possessed, who living near Sheffield, a place remarkable for its hard-ware, particularly promoted its interest.



One of the marquis's most commendable condescensions was, that he appropriated one day of the week, Thursday, as I recollect, to dining with about ten or twelve of the masters, with whom he investigated the progress or decline of trade; and he frequently gave ten or twenty guineas to be distributed in premiums for striking out new patterns and high finishing.

It happened one day, that his lordship was accosted by a peddling Israelite, a true descendant of the tribe of *Gad*, who produced a penknife highly finished, and whose blade, he asserted, was tempered in the river Ebro, whose waters have been for several hundred years rendered famous, as to their tempering power, upon blades of all kinds.

In possession of so curious an object, at the easy purchase of one guinea, the marquis, at his next mechanical Thursday's dinner, (as the glass circulated) took occasion to observe, that though he loved to encourage home manufactures, yet he evidently saw a superiority of excellence in many foreign productions,  
above

above the utmost stretch of native exertions, which he imputed to indolence, and an improper desire of gain.

“Observe, gentlemen, (continues his lordship) “an instance which chance “threw in my way some days since,” producing the Jew’s penknife.

Upon inspection, a master manufacturer present declared, “he lamented all “frauds relative to trade, which honest “emulation and due reward should encourage; but these frauds in particular, “practised by strolling Jews and unprincipled Christians were most pernicious; “however, he observed, that while an “unnatural taste for foreign productions, “or what we believe to be such, prevails, impositions will multiply; nor are “the dupes of them in the least pitiable: “it is extreme folly to go abroad for those “materials we can find essentially as good, “if not better, at home. That very “knife, with eleven more equally well “finished, I sold the Jew for two guineas, “who, is like, I perceive by this instance, to make ten guineas profit: “Well, I remember an old proverb,  
“All’s

"All's not gold that glitters." The manufacturer's heart-sprung feelings honestly, though not neatly expressed, caused his health, by a particular proposal of the marquis, to be drank in a bumper round, which, with one to his lordship's health, and the following sentiment:—"May genius never want a patron nor honesty a friend," concluded this cordial, unaffected meeting.

In a commercial country, he who promotes the various exertions of trade in its mazy and complicated channels, and nobly descends from the first rank and connections in life, to such personal investigations, as may promote public utility, is more essentially a patriot, than the most eloquent speaker that may have graced the national assembly for ages; greater than the *great Chatham*, who, like a comet, threw an unusual blaze of light over the political hemisphere, but at the same time marked his triumphant course with ruinous vestiges of high-striding *ambition*, (Nature's most dangerous prompter) to acts of oppression, injustice and devastation.

CHAP.

C H A P. XI.

*A state character and real patriot—The colonies—Emancipation—Police of cities—Systematical fraud—Circulation of base coin—It's bad effects.*

HAVING delineated many original and living pictures, and I trust as characteristic as nature and truth could draw, I venture upon another, that I can justly say, has all the good and great qualities of the human mind, happily blended in his composition. Lord MINTWELL, upon volunteer principles, has given the most unequivocal proofs of real patriotism, nobly disdaining, though in view of the warmest shine of court-favour, to plunder his own country and the colonies, who might have accumulated a princely fortune, but with the perverting of that emancipation, which every true friend to the natural



tural rights of mankind and general liberty, sincerely wished to the AMERICAN COLONIES.

This nobleman is an active and liberal encourager of merit; he loves not the ceremonious forms of high life, yet never fails not only to appear, but to become essentially the man of rank, when just occasion requires; he can be high with the high, condescending with the middling, and with the greatest affability, good-natured with the low, rightly judging, that to render national service, a man should be acquainted with all the constituent parts of society.

To commiserate the distressed\*, and to alleviate their oppressive anxieties, is a leading wish of his lordship's, though the stern brow of rigid justice frowned the proposed smiles of clemency out of that house, which ever would have beautified the throne.

To

\* His lordship has endeavoured to bring a bill into the house of lords, for the relief of insolvent debtors, a bill fraught with humanity, and peculiarly distinguishing that LINE OF RELIEF, which at the same time shuts out the fraudulent debtor from the beams of a legal relaxation, and would reinstate the really needy and innocent one, perhaps, once more into affluence.

To his office in the tower he is unremittingly attentive, and if we consider the vast importance of standard purity, in our gold and silver coin, his anxiety and attention to his official duties, are truly patriotic virtues.

In private life, he lives elegantly, and adequate to his rank.

In the marriage state, Providence has vouchsafed to bless him with a lady, whose amiableness might justly be wished for by all, though it can be equalled but by few.

She shines like chastest stars that shed o'er night  
A bright, a gentle and benignant light,  
With no false blaze of courtly glare she shines,  
But in herself her dignity refines ;  
Titles give consequence by custom's laws,  
But real worth compels us to applause.  
Penelope of old, a pattern came,  
And now revives in modern EFFINGHAM,  
Her hospitable board, like that of Eve,  
When taught a guest celestial to receive ;  
Smiles give a zest, and gently wooes to taste,  
Which no incumb'ring painful forms disgrace.

Nor has his lordship's attention been  
bound down alone to court etiquette and  
political

political matters, he wisely descends to more social concerns ; his mind has experienced vigour and expansion, from forming a radical knowledge with law, physic and divinity.

Among many instances of public attention, the author begs leave to mention one, as being personally concerned.

Having with very minute attention observed, and studied the various classes of mankind, from the highest to the lowest, of which the latter are the most numerous and complicated, I ventured through the affable condescension of his lordship, to mention a new plan of police, for the prevention of frauds, so systematically formed, so artfully carried on. His lordship favoured me with candid attention, approved the idea much, said he would give every consistent furtherance, and made me a very liberal compliment to substantiate verbal approbation.

Of his lordship, it may truly and almost peculiarly be said, that even in his most convivial hours, reflection and information were in their proper places, his most welcome

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welcome guest; in short, to sum up his character, he sheds worth upon dignity, more than hereditary dignity can worth upon him.

CHAP.



## C H A P. XII.

*Story tellers—Different species of them—The supercilious one—The loquacious one—The inventive one--The stupid one--The hatchet-flinging one—The solicited one—The satirical one--The cut-up one--The mischief-making one—The cap-fitting one—The damners and destroyers of harmony, mirth, wit and society—The drunken one—The water-gruel companion—The interrupters—The beaters of time, or foot or cane applauders—The president of a club and his necessary qualifications, &c.*

**P**LEASURE, it is confessed, is the principal object of human beings, and the enjoyment of pleasure without the loss of fortune, health or reputation, is surely most devoutly to be wished for. In the various roads of life that the author has travelled, there is one that he has not experienced, and a path that few can walk in, either with ease to themselves, or  
to

to the satisfaction of others; and he flatters himself that he will not be deemed too opinionated, or self-sufficient, by giving a few sentiments on a subject that should not be treated so lightly as it often is by the generality of people, I mean that source of pleasure which is sought for by all, in what is commonly called *company keeping*; for, though it may have the appearance of attributing too much consequence to what is understood by the term *conviviality*, when confined to the idea of several persons sitting down to enjoy each other (as the phrase is) with a glass and a song, in making it a subject of serious disquisition, yet since it is considered as one of the comforts of life, (and that it really is so few will deny), the author begs leave to draw a few strictures on the good and bad tendency of convivial attachments, and the particular characters that are often found at the festive board, especially those who do not possess the power of adding to festivity, or are of too melancholic a cast, to derive any satisfaction from it, and of course give into the common-place talk against it, which every one, at some time or other, has

has most probably been witness to : I would wish to remove such objects from stifling, or at least damping the warmth of social friendship.

The above description of beings I shall arrange under different heads :

The first class, are the supercilious men of opulence, whose sole complacency is in the contemplation of that quality, and of the reverence they expect should be paid to it, by all those who have not received such favours as themselves from the fickle goddess : Self-consequential airs are sufficient to throw a gloom over the most lively,—such men will never accord with the genius of any company, much less a convivial one.

The second class, are the very loquacious and vociferous companions ; for even supposing them to be possessed of wit, still are they open to reprehension, by preventing others from contributing towards *hilarity*, who have not the happiness (if it may be so termed) of possessing as much volubility, or as good lungs as themselves ; since, if only through good manners, the exertion of a man of wit, should be more

to

to encourage, even an attempt to entertain, than by an overbearing mode of behaviour, to smother any endeavour, by which another is likely to add to the general good humour; such a person, however he may pride himself in his superiority of voice, and rapid volubility; and however acceptable he may sometimes really be, should nevertheless recollect, that there are persons enough, through ill-nature or envy, ready to call his loquacity, impertinence, and his liveliness, vanity; since, thereby, he seems to pay no kind of compliment, (as before observed) to the effusions of any but himself, and perhaps obtrudes them on the company, not when they are disposed to receive them, but when he is disposed to bestow them.

Another kind, are those, who, possessing an inventive faculty and retentive memory, advance improbabilities, which they mean to have believed, and which, perhaps, at another time, they may affect, and then laugh at the company, or any individual, for receiving them as truths, not thinking, that what they might deem an assent, may be nothing more than the

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effect



effect of good manners, nay, very often, that seeming assent is owing to the contempt which some hearers entertain for the possessors of such a foible.

This is a fault, which many of good understanding may fall into, who, from giving way too much to the desire of telling anecdotes, adventures, and the like, habituate themselves by degrees to a mode, of the *batchet-flinging* extreme, which their good sense, if properly exercised, would directly silence. Such stories, however, will seldom disgust, supposing the matter not despicable in itself, because, no imposition being intended thereby, they only raise a smile that can no way discredit the relater or his company, for, absurdity itself, will find a time, when every propriety may bow in subjection to it, but its reign is necessarily short, and every attempt to support its existence, beyond a certain period, would be as repugnant to common understanding, as it would be fruitless, since propriety will make an impression on the heart, while laughable absurdity catches nothing more than a  
transient

transient attention from the eyes and ears.

*Another species* are the long and heavy story-tellers : these are nearly of the same cast, as the loquacious companions, in engrossing all attention to themselves ; a foible of this kind militates more against *b hilarity*, than meer loquacity does, which has fifty subjects for expatiation, in as many minutes : for though through good manners, some attention may be given to a tedious, long, and uninteresting story, yet, vivacity and jocularity must thereby be at a stand ; nay, perhaps a long, formal, circumstantial narrative may be the cause of an irremediable torpor.

No one, however, must suppose, by what is above advanced, that story-telling (as it is usually termed) is here by any means reprobated, since nothing gives more life to sociality, than a well timed pleasant story, or a recital of some laughable circumstance, when it does not out pace the aptitude to risibility, which it is intended to excite ; for the story-teller concludes but awkwardly, when he has worn

out the patience of his company, or too greatly violated credibility. Some other circumstances might be dwelt on; but, being very obvious, it would be impertinent, though it may not be improper at the same time, to give the following rules.

The *Narrator* should not laugh immoderately, and what he delivers, should not be found in every common jest book, or a Joe Miller, page 14; for a repetition of the same story, though a good one, is extremely distasteful. The last mentioned failing is most generally attendant on those prone to story-telling, who are habituated to retail the same story, sadly forgetting how often they torture the ears of their company with it; nothing is more applicable to such a one than the words of my sweet Shakespeare: "Like a story twice told by an idiot, full of sound, signifying nothing."

The *affectedly inflexible*-featured persons are another species, who, although mirth and good humour are in full display, maintain an apparent insensibility: Such an ill-timed indifference, (to call it nothing worse) every one must allow runs counter



counter to the intention of social parties, the members of which are supposed to meet to please and to be pleased; besides, whoever is at the trouble (if it can be so called) of entertaining a company, has a right to demand attention, and naturally expecting approbation, he looks for it in the countenances of those about him; but, if among many who bear the aspect of satisfaction, *one* only sits with his features fixed in a torpid insensibility, as if wondering at what the rest are pleased with; or who would be thought to possess such marvellous taste and judgment, that what is delivered, is too insipid for him to relish; even the aspect of such a man is sufficient to damp the exertion of the jocose son of entertainment, and to cool the warmth of pleasantry, resulting from such exertion; as convivial enjoyments are never at their height, but when the satisfaction they diffuse, is felt and expressed by every individual. Such a character as this, not content with appearing indifferent himself, often occasions a drouzy lassitude in others, by throwing as it were dead ashes over an effusion,

which



which has deservedly gained applause, and by some such phrases as these:

“ Ah ! I heard that done excellently “ at such a place ;” or, “ such a one does “ that exceedingly well,” and damps the whole assembly. What is still more injurious to propriety and common sense ; perhaps the same persons run into a long, formal description of the time, place and manner, in which they were so much more delighted, as if every exhibition of the same matter or of the same nature, should be better in itself, or better done every time they hear it, let it be exhibited under whatever circumstances it may, forgetting at the same time, that a reciter of a story, or a singer, may not always hit upon an emphatical part, in the manner which the author intended, or even on the intended emphatical part itself ; for if a speaker be ever so good a one, he cannot always discover it ; for instance, the different performers of the drama, in pieces of long standing, evidently vary, though all may be deemed capital ones, whence is derived the common phrase of such a one’s *finding out the beauties of his author,*

*author*, or of his part, when all the while these same beauties may be chiefly, if not entirely exist, in the performer's emphatical, or significant mode of delivery; for example, in the character of *Falstaff*, in *Henry the Fourth*, and particularly in his soliloquy about his tattered regiment. While *Quin* stood first in it, he was deemed excellent, and was said to have hit upon Shakespeare's meaning: Mr. Love's performance of the part was different, and deemed preferable by some to *Quin's*; and he likewise was said to have discovered, or hit off Shakespeare's meaning. At last came *Henderson*, who exhibits in a manner different from either *Quin* or *Love*, but still quite agreeable to the author's meaning; as the critics on his truly comic stile of performing it, have all declared that his stile of playing it is *nouvelle* to a degree. The reader, it is hoped, will excuse this prosaic episode, introduced only to strengthen the point of argument, of the difficulty of pleasing in public company; and the author will wind up this character, by observing, that nothing is more  
opposite

opposite to good manners, than the frequency of persons rudely disturbing, by talking, while others are endeavouring to entertain, and, at the same time preventing those who wish to be entertained from giving a necessary attention. To this may be added, the ridiculous impropriety of many, where vocal or instrumental music forms a part of the entertainment, affecting to beat time with their canes, hands, &c. or visibly to move any part of their bodies to it, since the noise is as disagreeable to the ears, as their motions are to the eyes of the company, but particularly to the latter.

The next class, are those, who, paying no compliment or deference to the taste or sense of the company in general, will, directly or indirectly, endeavour to prevent any thing from being exhibited, but what immediately coincides with their own ideas or tastes, not conceiving, that it is as impossible in a mixed company, or even in what is called a select one, for every individual to be pleased in the same mode, as it is for any one to please in the same degree, supposing they are alike in tastes  
and



and manners ; in this point, it may be said, respecting persons of this cast, the most necessary to be pointed at, are those who can relish nothing but effusions, not of the most decent kind, and are, of course in haste, until the ice of reserve is broken, not recollecting, that they thus deprive the individual in a mixed society, of enjoying the pleasure he may propose to himself, from matters not in so latitudinal a stile, and who generally withdraws when the reigns of unreservedness are loosened ; therefore, it is most laudable to let mirth be unbridled by degrees, as thereby those, whom the sons of jollity may call water-gruel companions, receive intimation sufficient to quit the field, if they are not disposed for joining in the loose career, though every one knows, that even where persons may mean to keep a curb on joviality, that there is a certain period, when certain stories become very acceptable, which a few hours before would have been thought highly improper.

*Another kind*, are those, who, though very capable of entertaining, yet, from a principle,



principle, hardly, if at all, to be accounted for, require tiresome solicitation, and often without effect, to indulge a company. A behaviour like this, must surely be deemed highly censurable, when there is no apparent cause for such backwardness. through indisposition or dispiritedness, since every one present may be supposed to feel a disappointment, proportionate to the expectation of entertainment from the known abilities of the person requested. Such a refusal, after repeated requisition, is not less censurable, even supposing the person has contributed what he may deem his quota of entertainment, as a proper apology would prevent farther solicitation; in avoiding that extreme, a person should never wait for requisition, or when once requested he should cheerfully comply.

*Another* species, are those, who, possessing the faculty of saying a great deal, are perpetually seeking objects to run down, or, as they are usually termed *butts*.

Such behaviour, whatever mirth it may sometimes occasion, surely is not to be defended; for humanity should never be offered up on the altar of cruelty.

Since

Since this talent of *cutting-up* (as it is called) indicates no great liberality of mind, and few men of generosity or spirit could take pleasure in singling out another to be thus curiously witty upon, because he may not happen to possess the strongest intellects, or to be the most ready in reply; or else through some natural imbecility, he may be soon wounded up; or being of a warm temper, he may be easily *worked* into violence, even supposing the attack to be received with apparent unconcern, yet it cannot be imagined that perfect ease is to be enjoyed in such a situation; and no one need be told how often such behaviour, perhaps, at first, only meant to excite a little pleasantry, turns out very serious in its consequences; and if a person prone to this foible would bestow but little thought on the matter, he would find no real cause in the possession of such a talent; for what credit is he entitled to who attacks only where he is sure of the advantage? besides, he should remember, that there is a possibility of his being foiled in the same way some time or other when he may little expect

expect it, and then the mortification must certainly be much more than the pleasure the greatest adept in this kind of exercise can possibly enjoy.

Those may be mentioned as another species, who through a consciousness of some peculiarity of manner, provincial dialect, &c. are so hasty in concluding that what is really meant to entertain is levelled indirectly at them; although it must be owned, that in persons so situated, there is some excuse for the surmise, yet there is not so much for their hastily concluding on its certainty, as in consequence thereof, a troublesome confusion frequently arises, which might be avoided by properly noticing the personality.

Such persons, however, should recollect, that it is almost impossible for one who entertains with a variety of matter, to demean himself so, that no-body can take exception at what may be delivered; to which may be added, the great likelihood there is of his not knowing every one present, and of course being ignorant of what is most likely to give offence to this or that individual; and at the same time



time it must be acknowledged, that when such a trespass on urbanity is evidently intended, the person hurt must be expected to discover his sensations, and he is certainly justifiable in expressing them immediately: but, as before observed, when the trespass is not intentional, the warmth of resentment should be suppressed, if only for the sake of preserving order and tranquillity.

There is another character in life which is often introduced, and which I may justly call the *mischief-making-one*, that deserves the severest degree of censure: the nearest to it, and somewhat similar is, the *Liar* of *Sam Foote*, with this material difference in their shades, that his is a *witty one*, and the character I descant on, a *malevolent one*. This is a genius who piques himself upon setting people by the ears, and his diversion is to tell his acquaintance, that “he  
“heard from such a person, who heard it  
“from another, who had it from a third,  
“&c. that such and such things have been  
“said of him tending to ridicule the  
“weak side of his conduct,” when the  
substance



substance of the whole had no other origin but from his own black and inventive imagination. A gentleman of the author's acquaintance whose penetration looked into the recesses of this mischief-making fellow's mind, by an admirable dexterity invited him with several persons, who he was conscious was injured in this way, to a tavern in Westminster, and after an hour's seemingly social regard for him, he publicly reprobated the character of this gentleman, if he may be called such, and face to face confounded the abashed fellow. High words arose, and the culprit was as impudent as he used to be inventive.

The spirited inviters resolutely rose up, and with one voice insisted upon it, as it was his general character, every man should have a kick at him, he was immediately hustled out of company with that collection which every detractor of character should universally meet, the author means a *collection of kicks*.

The *last*, and most culpable of the enemies to generous and genuine mirth, are those prone to drunkenness; they can  
never

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never subscribe to that excellent sentiment, "May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning."

It is needless to say more upon this head, for the excuse they will form for it, "that they must do justice to every toast and sentiment that is given," just as if any one was obliged to become disagreeable and troublesome to others at that time, and uneasy to themselves afterwards, by drinking treble the quantity he is able to bear, because another on whom twice as much has little effect insists on it, and, perhaps, only to laugh at him for doing so. This silly compliance with such an absurd injunction does not merit a serious discussion, since, if a person really means not to depart drunk, there are methods enough of doing justice to every toast without swallowing a bumper to it each time.

To what has been advanced, another circumstance may be added, which is often not attended to, though sufficient of itself to prevent even the appearance of mirth, and that is the incompetency of the PRESIDENT; for although he may be a sensible

sible and good-humoured man, yet not having the capability of giving entertainment, or the power of exciting it in others, or not possessing the spirit and attention sufficient to see that necessary and established forms be duly observed, he suffers intervals of dulness or confusion, and is therefore the immediate cause of deficiency of mirth and entertainment; respecting all which this inference may be drawn, that as the president is, so is the company, for no one ever knew a company to be remarkably lively, if the president was dull, although many individuals in it might be persons of humour, or of other entertaining qualities.

## C H A P. XIII.

*Maxims and moral reflections.*

THE critical world may, perhaps, accuse the author of being a plagiarist, seeing a number of *maxims* and *moral reflections* taken from the works of another, but he hopes they will not be over hasty in censuring him, for what he can quote innumerable precedents from writers of the first reputation in the learned world. How frequently are we entertained with moral sentences in works of the most profound erudition, and by men who might reasonably be supposed to be plentifully stored with materials of their own, sufficient for their purpose; but where sublime truths strike a man forcibly, and he is ingenuous enough to acknowledge from whence he takes his information, why should he be accused of theft? Are the productions of genius to be deemed less valuable by their being avowedly extracted for the purposes of amusing and

I                      instructing



instructing many readers who have not taste and discernment to relish such productions?

The *duke of Rochefoucault*, from whose rich garden I have chosen to cull some of his most beautiful flowers, and present them to my friends, was an author of the last century. In him was found all the accomplishments requisite for forming the easy, fine gentleman, the hardy and intrepid foldier, the philosopher, and to sum up all, exemplary christian, which is indeed *all in all*.

His works are in but few hands, consequently not much read: that, however, should not be imputed to any want of merit in his works, but rather a defect in our education.

The generality of professed philologists consider the writings of the noble author as too abstracted and uninteresting, nay, some presume to say his maxims favour strongly of misanthropy, than which nothing can be more absurd; I allow, indeed, he is in many places difficult of being immediately understood at first reading, but on a second perusal, with pro-  
per

per attention, we shall discover his nervous meaning, and be richly recompensed for our pains. The heavy charge of misanthropy this great moralist lies under, probably took its rise from a quotation from his *moral reflections* by dean Swift, who made choice of it for the purpose of conveying to the world the finest piece of *irony* that ever was exhibited in any language. The maxim was as follows:

“In the adversity of our best friends  
“we find something that does not dis-  
“please us.”

This reflection he thought fit to make the motto to the curious prophetic verses which he humorously supposed would be made upon his death; and let it be remarked, that he has not perverted *Roche-foucault's* meaning in the least; and however mankind may be degraded by being so depraved as to feel a secret satisfaction at the disappointments and embarrassments of our friends; yet as that great observer of mankind, the *dean*, frankly acknowledges, that he drew all his maxims, however odious they may appear, and degrading to humanity, from Na-

ture, he solemnly vouches for the truth of them.

Now, as I have the sanction of such illustrious authority for quoting from the noble duke, I think I may, without offence, wave all further apology for introducing the following:

The politeness of the understanding consists in inventing obliging things with delicacy.

Young men change their inclinations through heat of blood, and old men keep theirs through custom.

The more a man loves a mistress the nearer he is to hate her.

We are never to be comforted on our being cheated by our enemies and betrayed by our friends; yet are often well enough pleased to be both cheated and betrayed by our own selves.

'Tis as easy to deceive one's self without perceiving it, as 'tis difficult to deceive others without being perceived.

The most subtle sort of tricking is to know well how to feign ourselves caught in the snares that are laid for us; and  
never

never are we so easily deceived as when we are contriving how to deceive others.

Men are oftner treacherous out of weakness than out of any formed design.

Our intention of never deceiving any body exposes us to be often deceived.

Men often do *good* that they may be able to do ill with impunity.

If we are able to resist passions, 'tis more through their weakness than our strength.

The certain way to be cheated is, to fancy one's self more cunning than others.

The dulness of some people is often protection enough to secure them from being imposed on by a man of sense.

The only *good* copies are those which expose the ridiculousness of *bad* originals.

'Tis easier to be wise for other people than for ourselves.

Men are never so ridiculous for the qualities they have, as for those they affect to have.

A man of wit would often be at a grievous loss were it not for the company of fools.

As



As it is the character of great wits, to express a great deal in a few words, so little wits, on the contrary, have the gift of speaking much and saying nothing.

The contempt of riches was in the philosophers, a secret desire to revenge on Fortune the injustice she had done to their merit, by despising those goods which she had denied them: It was an art to secure themselves from the disgrace of poverty; it was a bye way to arrive at esteem.

To make a fortune in the world, men use all the means possible to *appear* to have made it already.

Sincerity is an openness of heart: 'Tis found in very few people; and *that* which we see *commonly*, is not it, but a subtle dissimulation to gain the confidence of others.

There is no disguise which can long *conceal* love where it *is*, or *feign* it where it *is not*.

There are some women to be found that never had an intrigue, but rarely any to be found that never had but *one*.

The

The love of justice in most men, is nothing but a fear of suffering by injustice.

'Tis with true love as with apparitions; a thing every one talks of, but few have seen.

*Silence* is the safest course for a man that distrusts himself.

Every body complains of his memory, but no body of his judgment.

To undeceive a man prepossessed with his own merit, is to do him as ill an office, as that which was done to the madman of *Athens*, who fancied all the ships which arrived in the harbour were his own.

A certain sign of a man's having an extraordinary merit, is to see those who envy him most, constrained to commend him.

Every man has assurance enough to boast of his honesty, but no one has impudence enough to boast of his understanding.

The conduct of some people, in a thousand instances, appears ridiculous; though the secret reasons for them are very wise, and very solid.

'Tis

"Tis easier to appear worthy of the employments we have not, than worthy of those we have.

The world rewards the *appearances* of merit, oftner than merit itself. Covetousness is more opposite to *æconomy* than *liberality*.

Virtues are lost in interest as rivers are lost in the sea.

What makes us love new acquaintances, is not so much our being weary of the old, or a pleasure we take in the change, as a disgust to find ourselves not sufficiently admired by those who are too well acquainted with us, and a hope of being more admired by those who are not acquainted with us so well.

Our repentance is not so much a remorse for the ill which we have done, as a fear of the ill which may happen to us.

Vices are mixed to compound virtues, as poisons are to compound medicines: Prudence mingles and tempers them, and makes use of them successfully against the maladies of life.

Nature

Nature seems to have marked out to every man at his birth, the bounds of virtues and his vices.

The desire of appearing to be a man of sense and ability, often hinders a person from being such.

The man that fancies he is able to live without all the world, is very much mistaken, but he that fancies there is no living without him, is mistaken much more.

As we grow old, we grow more foolish, and more wise.

The generality of the world never judge of men, but by their reputation, or by their fortune.

To be too hasty to return an obligation, is one sort of ingratitude.

No man deserves to be commended for goodness, who has not spirit enough to be wicked: All other goodness is most commonly nothing but a littleness, and an impotence of the will.

'Tis not so dangerous to do ill to the greatest part of men, as to do them too much good.

Nothing flatters our pride more than the trust the great repose in us; because we  
look



look on it as the effect of our merit, without considering that this trust most commonly proceeds from their *vanity*, or their want of power to keep a secret.

We frequently are troublesome to others, when we think it impossible for us ever to be troublesome.

That which appears to us to be generosity, is often nothing but an ambition disguised, which despises little interest to pursue greater.

The fidelity which appears in the greater part of men, is nothing but an invention of self-love, to oblige others to confide in us: 'tis a means to set us above others, and to make us the confidents of their most important secrets.

Interest sets at work all sorts of virtues and vices.

There is not less eloquence in the tone of the voice, the eyes and the air of the person that speaks, than in the choice of expression.

True eloquence consists in saying all that ought to be said, and in saying no more.

The

The sentiments of the mind have each of them a certain tone of voice, certain gestures and airs, which are proper and peculiar to them : and this propriety, either well or ill observed, agreeable or disagreeable, is the thing which makes persons pleasing or displeasing.

Littleness of mind is the cause of stiffness in opinion, but it is not easily that we believe any thing beyond what we see.

Gravity is an affectation of the body, put on to conceal the defects of the mind.

A readiness to believe ill, without due examination, is the effect of pride and laziness. We are willing to find others guilty, and unwilling to give ourselves the trouble of examining into their crimes.

Absence lessens moderate passions, but increases great ones ; like the wind which blows out tapers, but kindles fire.

'Tis not less prudence, sometimes, to know how to use good advice, than to be able to advise one's self.

"Tis impossible to love a second time the thing that we have once truly ceased to love.

We are all very rich 'till we are robbed, and when we are robbed we lose nothing.

Every body, almost, takes a pleasure to return small obligations; many are grateful for moderate ones; but there is hardly any body but is ungrateful for great ones.

There are some people predestined to be fools, who not only commit folly by choice, but who are forced into them even by Fortune herself.

There happen, sometimes, accidents in life, out of which it is necessary for a man to be a little mad to extricate himself.

If there are some people whose blind sides have never been discovered, it is because no man of sense has taken the pains to search for them.

"Tis not in the power of a weak man to be sincere.

"Tis no great misfortune to oblige ungrateful people: but it is an intolerable one to be obliged to a brutal man.

We

We cannot long preserve the sentiments we ought to have of our friends and benefactors if we allow ourselves the liberty to talk often of their failings.

There are none who are afraid of being despised but those who are despicable.

Men sometimes fancy that they hate flattery, but they only hate the manner of it.

We forgive as long as we love.

Women are never completely severe but where they have an aversion.

The character of a man's native country, is as inherent to his mind and temper, as the accent of it is to his speech.

Most men, as well as plants, have secret virtues, which are discovered by chance.

We rarely allow any people to have good sense, but those of our own opinion.

When we are in love we doubt often of the thing which we believe the most.

We are almost always tired of those people whom we ought never to be tired with.

A man



A man of sense may love like a mad-man, but never like a fool.

Infidelity ought to extinguish love, and we should never be jealous when we have no ground to be so. There are no persons but those that avoid giving us jealousy that are worthy of our being jealous of.

Jealousy is always born with love, but does not always die with it.

We are sensible enough that a man ought not to talk of his wife: but are not sensible enough that he ought still less to talk of himself.

One man may be more cunning than another, but not more cunning than any body else.

We are sometimes less unhappy in being deceived by the person we love than in being undeceived.

Women are a long time true to their first love, except they happen to have a second.

The greatest effort of friendship, is not the discovering our failings to a friend, but shewing him his own.

A man

A man may run away from his country and his family, but he cannot run away from himself.

What shame soever we may have deserved, it is almost always in our power to recover our reputation.

We may appear great in an employment below our merit; but we often appear little in an employment too great for us.

The truest sign of a noble soul, is to be placed by Nature above envy.

When our friends have betrayed us, a bare indifference is only due to their professions of friendship: but a sensible concern is always due to their misfortunes.

'Tis easier to know mankind in general than any one man in particular.

We ought not to judge of the merit of a man mostly by his great qualities, but by the use he knows how to make of them.

A man may be a fool with wit, but never with judgment.

No persons but those who love constancy can have true sweetness of temper:  
Those

Those who appear to have it have nothing but a weakness that is easily turned into sourness.

We speak ill of others more from vanity than malice.

A woman's first intrigue is commonly never reckoned 'till she has had a second.

There are but few things wanting to make the wise man happy : Nothing can make a fool content, which is the reason why almost all men are miserable.

Since the great men of the world can neither give health of body nor repose of mind, we constantly pay too dear for all the *good* they are able to do us.

A true friend is the greatest of all possessions ; yet is that which we least of all are careful to acquire.

'Tis more necessary to study men than books.

An honest man is a hidden treasure ; which he that finds is in the right not to boast of.

We never find fault with ourselves, but with a design to be commended.

Our faults are always pardonable, when we have so much power over ourselves as to confess them.

We

We take more pleasure to see the persons we have done good to, than those that have done good to us.

The man that is pleased with no body is more unhappy than the man with whom no body is pleased.



## C H A P. XIV.

*Low life dramatically introduced in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's—Original cant songs—The slang language in its most modern terms—A glossary and key to the same—A most entertaining and at the same time a most useful lesson to every member of a community, resident in a metropolis.*

WITH a fearful foot, I enter on the foil of the following chapter, and I do beseech my fair readers to shun it, lest, in this primrose path, they meet a snake in the grass; therefore, ye dear delights of the universe, to man, more precious than honour, wealth, or friendship, stop short, I once more beseech you, lest twining round your light heels, like the original serpent, a vicious variety may level your delicate imaginations, and leave them in a state, dangerous, as delightful.

But

But, if female curiosity will prevail, and still the peeping eye would pervade the midnight orgies of the moderns, I must first inform them, that the following compositions are intended only for that *part* of the *public*, who has so generously patronized my undertaking; that species of people, who, at the same time that they can enjoy the flights of fancy on an attic wing, yet, stooping their pinions, feel as much pleasure in the effusions of what is termed *cant*, *flash*, *low wit* and *humour*, which substantially are quickened by the same *orb*, as the witty compositions of a more refined taste.

For them, and them alone, the following traits of low characters are introduced, and as a dancing star ruled my birth, and on my first onset in life, set me off with the most eccentric and convivial disposition, I once more conjure the fair reader will pass over the following pages; for the man who could be capable of instilling poison into the chaste recesses of a female breast, deserves not the name of man, nor the happiness a virtuous and fond female can bestow.

**The BALLAD SINGER** in the neighbour-  
hood of **ST. GILES'S**.

*Ballad Singer.* Come, my lucky mas-  
ters, here's a choice collection of songs,  
that have been sung at Drury-lane, Cam-  
mon Garden, Sadler's Wells, the *Uproar*  
*House*, *Fox-Hall*, and other places out of  
the most *famousst roratorios*.—Bless your  
eyes and limbs, lay out a *mag* with poor  
*chirruping Joe*.—I don't come here every  
*darkey*—but come, I'll *lip ye a chaunt*—as  
*rum* a one as you ever heard—it's intitled  
and called *The Masqueraders*; or, *The*  
*World as it wags*—sung at the Pantheon  
in *Hog's-foot Road*.

### S O N G

Ye *flats*, *starks* and *rum* ones, who make up this  
pothar;

Who gape and stare, just like stuck pigs at each  
other,

As mirrors, wherein, at full length do appear,

Your follies reflected to apish and *queer*.

Tol de rol, &c.

Attend, while I *sing*, now, in ev'ry station,

*Masquerading* is practised throughout ev'ry nation:

Some mask for mere pleasure, but many we know,

To like in the *rhino*, false faces will *show*.

Tol de rol, &c.

Twig

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 133

Twig counsellors jabb'ring 'bout justice and law,  
Cease greasing their fists and they'll soon cease  
their jaw :

And patriots, 'bout freedom will kick up a riot,  
Till their ends are all gain'd, and their jaws then  
are quiet.

Tol de rol, &c.

Twig methodists phizzes, with mask sanctimonious,  
Their rigs prove to judge that their phiz is er-  
roneous.

Twig lank-jaws, the miser, that skin-flint old elf,  
From his long meagre phiz, who'd think he'd the  
pelf?

Tol de rol, &c.

Twig levees, they're made up of time-serving faces,  
With fawning and flatt'ring for int'rest or places ;  
And ladies appear too at court and elsewhere,

In borrow'd complexions, false shapes and false  
hair.

Tol de rol, &c.

Twig clargyman—but as there needs no more proof,  
My chaunt I concludes, and shall now pad the hoof ;  
So nobles and gents, lug your counterfeits out,

I'll take brums or cut ones, and thank you to boot.

Tol de rol, &c.

What, no copper clinking among you,  
my hearties ? No one to give me hanfel ?

What, have you got red-hot heaters in  
your gropers, that you're afraid to thrust

your



your daddles in them? It won't do I say,  
to stand here for *nicks*—all hearers and  
no buyers—what, will none of you drop  
your loose *kelter*? *Crap* me but I must  
*shove my trunk*, and *hop the twig*—I see  
as how there's nothing to be got in this  
here place.

HIS BLOWEN, a FEMALE BALLAD-  
SINGER, now joins him.

*Female ballad singer.* Don't mizzle yet.

*Male ballad singer.* The *kelter* tumbles  
in but *queerly*—however we'll give 'em  
one more chaunt.—The next song is in-  
titled and call'd *The Happy Pair*.

# J O E.

*Ye slang-boys* all, since wedlock's noose,

Together fast has tied

Moll Blubbermuns and rowling Joe,

Each other's joy and pride;—

Your broomsticks and tin kettles bring,

With cannisters and stones:

*Ye butchers* bring your cleavers too,

Likewise your marrowbones;

For ne'er a brace in marriage hitch'd,

By no one can be found,

That's half so blest as Joe and Moll,

Search all St. Giles's round.

M O L L.

# VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 135

## M O L L.

Though saucy queer-gamm'd smutty muns,  
 Was once my fav'rite man,  
 Though rugged-muzzle tink'ring Tom,  
 For me left mawmouth'd Nan :  
 Though padding Jack and diving Ned,  
 With blink-ey'd buzzing Sam,  
 Have made me drunk with hot, and flood  
 The racket for a dram ;  
 Tho' Scamp the ballad-singing kid,  
 Call'd me his darling frow,  
 I've tip'd them all the double, for  
 The fake of rowling Joe.

## J O E.

Although splaw-hoof'd Sal Skulkabout,  
 And flaming frisking Kit,  
 When e'er my dust did taper run,  
 Would let me *snack their bit* ;  
 Though Cifs, who jaw'd black Sukey stiff,  
 And afterwards did fift her,  
 And tho' Peg Swob, Kate Ticklerump,  
 And Befs, her Wilkes-ey'd sister,  
 Call'd me their favourite *rowing Joe*,  
 Yet, *drowse my glims*, they all  
 May nab the rust, since I have got  
 The heart and hand of Moll.

## C H O R U S.

Therefore, in jolly chorus now,  
 Let's chaunt it all together,

And

And let each cull's and doxy's heart,  
 Be lighter than a feather ;  
 And as the kelter runs quite flush,  
 Like *natty* shinning *kiddies*,  
 To treat the coaxing, giggling brims,  
 With spunk let's post our *Neddies*;  
 Then we'll all roll in *hub* and *grub*,  
 Till from this *ken* we go,  
 Since rowling Joe's tuck'd up with Moll,  
 And Moll's tuck'd up with Joe.

*Joe.* They begin now to drop the glanthem, I must tip 'em some rum-gammon.

*Moll.* Aye do, why should you be dubber-mum'd ? there's no *hornies*, *traps*, *scouts*, nor *beak-runners* amongst them.

*Joe.* Oh, here's an old *hall* of mine, (*speaking to one of the crowd*) I say, how are you ? *slang us your maul*; what *lock* do you cut now ?

*Pal.* Why, there being a *rum squeeze* at the *spell* last *darkey*, I was *wipe priging*, we made a regular *stall* for a *tick* and *reader*, but the *cull* was up to us, and we could'nt do him ; I only napt a couple of *bird's eye wipes*, which I have just *fenc'd* to the *Cove* at that there *Ken*—you know him I suppose.

*Joe.*

*Joe.* Know him ! I believe I do ; it's not the first time I have fenced a *rum-screen* with him, and Moll when she used to go upon the *Dobbin*, she has sold him many a *cant*. Who did you leave there ? Come, we'll go over and give you a *naggin* of lightning.

[ *All go over to a noted public house.*

*Pal.* (Speaking to the landlord,) Have you any body in the *lumber* behind the bar ?

*Cove.* Yes, there's *Touching Sue*, *Tolibon Nan*, two or three queer plungers, a running rumbler, *smacking Sam*, a *Cock-a-brass*, and a *sky-larker*, &c.

*Moll Slavy.* Walk in, gentlefolks.

[ *Here the three enter the room, and a general conversation ensues.*

*Moll.* (Speaking to *Joe*.) I say, call for a *bobstick* worth of *rum slim*.

*Pal.* What are Moll and you *adam'd* ?

*Joe.* Yes we are, and by a *rum Tom Pat* too.

*Pal.* What's become of her brother Jack ?

*Joe.* Why, I suppose you know that he was knocked down for the *crap* the last sessions—



essions—he went off at the *fall* of the *leaf*, at *tuck'em fair*—he died d——d hard, and was as *bad* as *brass*.

*Moll.* He would'nt have been hobbled, but the *melting pot receiver*, proved his felling the *clink* to him, (*naps the bib*) and that's what *did him over*.

*Pal.* Come, come, it's what we must all come to sooner or later—let's have a *chaunt*, and no more jaw about *crapping*.

*Joe.* With all my heart—I'll sing you a new song, called *The Bunter's Christening*.

### S O N G.

*Bess Tatter*, of Hedge-lane,

To ragman Joey's joy,

The cull with whom she snooz'd,

Brought forth a chopping boy ;

Which was, as one might say,

The moral of his dad, Sir ;

And at the christ'ning oft,

A merry bout they had, Sir.

For, when 'twas four weeks old,

Long Ned, and dust-cart Chloe,

To give the kid a name,

Invited were by Joey ;

With whom came muzzy Tom,

And sneaking Snip, the boozier,

Bag-

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 139

Bag-picking blear-ey'd Cifs,  
And squinting Jack the bruifer.

Likewise, came bullying Sam,  
With cat's and dog's meat Nelly,  
Young Smut, the chimney sweep,  
And smiling snick-snack Willy ;  
Peg Swig and Jenny Gog,  
The brims, with birdlime fingers,  
Brought *warbling, seedy* Dick,  
The prince of ballad-fingers.

The guests now being met,  
The first thing that was done, Sir,  
Was handling round the *kid*,  
That all might smack his muns, Sir ;  
A *flash of lightning* next,  
Befs tipt each cull and frow, Sir,  
Ere they to church did pad,  
To have it christen'd Joe, Sir.

Away they then did trudge ;  
But such a queer procession,  
Of seedy brims and kids,  
Is far beyond expression.  
The christ'ning being o'er,  
They back again soon pik'd it,  
To have a dish of *lap*,  
Prepar'd for those who lik'd it.

Being all come back, once more,  
They slabber'd little Joey ;

Then,

Then, with some civil jaw,  
 Part squatted to drink bohea,  
 And part swig'd barley swipes,  
 As short-cut they were smoaking,  
 While some their patter flash'd,  
 In gallows fun and joking.

For supper, Joey stood,  
 To treat these curious cronies;  
 A bullock's melt, hog's maw,  
 Sheep's heads and stale polonies;  
 And then they swill'd gin-hot,  
 Until blind drunk as Chloë,  
 At twelve, all bundled from,  
 The christ'ning of young Joey.

*Tolobon Nan.* (Speaking to Moll.) Will you have a *flash of lightning*?

*Moll.* I am just going to drink some *slim*. I suppose you have heard *Joe* and I are adam'd, hav'nt you? We *dors'd* some time together upon the *queer-roost*, but now we come the *rum-snooze* at once—how do you *work* now?

*Tolobon Nan.* O, upon the old *slang*, and sometimes a little *lully-priging*—my *man* is *hobbled* upon the *leg* for three years on board *Duncan Campbell's floating academy*, for *napping a clink*.

*Queer Plunger.* I must go to *mosque* to-morrow, where I am to *nap* a couple of *neds* from the *humane society*.

*Sky-Larker.* I must go on the *lark-rig*, *blue pigeon-flying*, or come the *running glazier*.

*Toughing Sue.* And I shall go a *ballooning*; if you will go with me, Mr. *Cock-a-brass*, I'll give you a *rum ding* of a *tick* or a *reader*; I have *done* one *cull* twice for his *cligh* and *bit*; if you'll hold his *smitters* up, and I should see him again to-morrow, I'll do him *out and out*. The *balloon business* now, is the best that's going, they are so intent when it ascends, that I verily believe, I could unbuckle his *squeeze clout*, and *nap* his *rum twang*; but if you *work* with me at this *notified* place of *divarson*, I shall *stand no more* than you get from the gentlemen of the *drop*, and that's better to you than going upon the *fawny*. I know you are a bad one upon the *knuckle*, or else you should have your full *wack*. Pray don't your *blowen* go upon the *dobbin* now?

*Cock-a-brass.* No, not lately, she works now upon the *running snavels*, and  
I do



I do a little upon the *kid rig*, and sometimes I go upon the *craft-rig*.

*Enter COVE.*

*Cove.* I say, my *kiddies*, there's two *bobsticks* of *slim*, and a *flag's* worth of *lightening* to pay; don't think that I mention this from any suspicion of your *bilking* me, but from a *dead* certainty, you will if you can, therefore pay now, and that will prevent any thing of a *roue* being kick'd up.

*Tolobon Nan.* Whose a-going to kick up a *roue*? you forget when you was the village *bustler*, and was *chaunted* upon the *leer*, for *doing a farmer out of a screen*. I dare say, if any of us was to come in by ourselves and should happen to take a *rum snooze*, you'd *snitch* upon us, and soon have the *traps*, and *fix us*, in putting a *lap-feeder* in our *sack*, that you or your *blowen* had prig'd yourselves, though we should stand the *frisk* for it. You know, Mr. *Cove*, you'll buy a dozen or two of *wipes*, *dobbin cants*, or a *fam* or a *tick*, with any rascal, from a *melting-pot receiver* in Duke's place, to a *fence shop* in Field Lane.

*Old*

*Old Pal.* What's all this *gammon* and *patter* about? d——n you, you are all snitchers, and shew me the person that when the *neddies* are *posted*, or pinched hard, that won't snitch, from high treason, Lutterlough, down to a gallows lumper.

[*Here the reckoning is paid, and all go.*

C H A P. XV.

*Glossary.*

**T**HE following glossary to the foregoing chapter, it is humbly presumed will be found most useful to all ranks and degrees of people.

The field for fraud, deception and depredation is a very extensive one, and though inclosed by the barriers of law and human policy, it admits of many apertures, by which the stretch of ill-employed genius finds means to enter, and revel on the spoils of ignorance, confidence, and credulity.

The explanation of the *Cant*, *Flash* and *Slang* terms, takes in the minutest trifle that relates to the chicanery of frauds, and gives at one view, a perfect knowledge of the artifices, combinations, modes and habits of those invaders of our property, our safety and our lives, who have a language quite unintelligible to any but themselves,

themselves, and an established code of laws productive of their common safety at the same time, and live in splendor, without the exertion of industry, labour or care.

A due attention to these explanatory notes will finally prevent, and circumvent the fraudulent schemes of every species of villainy that is or can be practised, from the lowest thief who aims at your handkerchief, to the ingenious artist that imitates the *water-mark* of a bank note.

The reader will, perhaps, from too common a mode of thinking, imagine, that the author must certainly have had such connections with the parties he describes, as to render himself culpable in the same degree. "Tell me your company, and I will describe your manners," is an old saying, but there is no rule without an exception. I am bold to affirm, that though I have been obliged to mix with every denomination, and can further say, I have dined with seven capital house-breakers in one day, and the same evening supped with seven peers of

L

the



the realm, yet, I never was arrested, summoned for a shilling, or withinside of any jail or prison whatsoever; no, nor the key of a prison ever turned upon me, unless the dictates of humanity, or mere curiosity carried me there.

My knowledge of the scenes which will be described in this chapter, have been picked up in the way of a cursory reviewer, and a happy knack of conversation, interlarded with many an agreeable story, as likewise a talent of easily and naturally accommodating myself to the manners of every rank in life. If I am with the lawyer, I can put on the loquacity and consequence of a barrister, or the stammering caution of a petty-fogging attorney; with the physical tribe, I can prattle nonsense, or with Mr. Potion, the apothecary; I can talk ethics with a minor canon of St. Paul's; or, cant and slang, with a lumper of St. Giles's.

The fashionable world are strongly deceived, if they imagine such do not frequently mix in the indiscriminate meetings of the great and polite world. Men of genius and talents whose fortunes are  
humble,

humble, and whose births are, perhaps, mean, impelled by curiosity will see mankind. The world is their book, and man their study. And if a cellar or a night-house contains an oddity, a drawing-room a fool, or a cathedral a rogue, there are men who will dive to take a view of the first, ascend to laugh at the second, and gravely approach the eminence of the third. I have now only to say, that the man whose wish is to avoid the stratagems and schemes that he is daily liable to fall into, I invite to bear me company, whilst I describe and explain the following terms :

Flash.

Mag.

Cherruping Joe.

Darkey.

Lip ye a chaunt.

Rum one.

Flats.

Sharps.

Queer.

Chaunt.

Copper clinking

Gropers.

Daddles.

Nicks.

Kelter.

Crap.

Shove my trunk.

Hop the twig.

Blowen.

Mizzle.

Slang-boys.

Hot.

Scamp.

Snack their bit.

Rowling Joe.

Glims.

L 2

Natty

Natty shining kid-  
dies.

Ned-neddies.

Bub and grub.

Ken.

Drop the glanthem.

Gammon.

Dubber mum'd.

Hornies.

Traps.

Scouts.

Beak-runners.

Slang us your mau-  
ly.

What lock do you  
cut.

Rum squeeze at the  
spell.

Wipe priging.

Making a stall.

Tick.

Reader.

Up to us.

Napt a couple of  
birds eye wipes.

Fenced.

Cove.

Ken.

Rum screen.

Dobbin Rig.

Cant of Dobbin.

Noggin of lightning.  
Lumber.

Touching Sue.

Tollibon Nan.

Queer plungers.

Running rumblers.

Smacking Sam.

A cock-a-brafs.

A sky-larker.

Moll Slavy.

Bobstick of rum  
slim.

Adam'd.

Rum Tom Patt.

Fall of the leaf.

Tuck'em fair.

Died da——d hard,  
and was as bold  
as brafs.

Hobbled.

Melting - pot re-  
ceiver.

Clink.

Nap the bib.

Did him over.

Snoozed.

Kid.

Flash of lightning.

Cull.

Dish of lap.

Dorfed together.

Queer

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Queer roost.	Fawny.
Rum snooze.	Knuckle.
Work Now.	Full wack.
Slang.	Running snavel.
Lully priging.	Kid rig.
Hobbled upon the leg.	Craft rig.
Duncan Campbell's floating academy.	Two bobsticks of slim.
Napping a clink.	Flags worth of lightning.
Mosque.	Rone kicked up.
Napt a couple of Neds.	Village Buffler.
Humane society.	Chaunted upon the leer.
Lark rig.	Doing a farmer out of his screen.
Blue pigeon flying.	Rum snooze.
Running glaziers.	Snitch upon us.
Ballooning.	Fix us.
Ding a tick or a reader.	Lap feeder.
Cligh and bit.	Suck.
Smiters.	Priged.
Out and out.	Frisked.
Squeeze clout, and nap his rum twang.	Wipes.
Work.	Dobbin.
Stand no more.	Cants.
Gentlemen of the Drop.	Fam or tick.
	Fence shop in Field-lane.
	Gammon and Pat-ter.

*Flash.*



*Flash.* To talk flash; that is, to speak the cant language. A flash-man, a fellow that lives upon the hackneyed prostitution of an unfortunate woman of the town; few of them but what keep a flash-man; and some of these despicable fellows, when their woman has picked up a country gentleman, or a drunken person, will bounce into the room, and pretend they have surprized you with their *wife*, and will beat you, or threaten to bring an action against you: thus intimidated, they extort your purse from you, or rob you of your watch. This crime is made capital, little as the flash geniuses may think of it, and to the author's knowledge, there have been two or three hanged for it.

*Mag.* Is a halfpenny.

*Cherruping Joe.* Meaning a good ballad singer.

*Darkey.* Night.

*Lip ye a chaunt.* To sing a good song.

*Rum one.* Meaning a good one.

*Flats.* Men who are easily taken in, imposed on, or in their language, *to be bad.*

*Sharps.*

*Sharps.* Men of a contrary nature. This term is applied to sharpers in general, who are continually looking out for flats, in order to do them upon the *broads*, that is *cards*, or in short, any thing else, from pitch and hustle in Moorfields, to the Pharo table at St. James's.

*Queer.* Any thing not so good as it should be, then they say 'twas d——nd queer, for instance, if a man has bow legs, he has queer gams, gams being cant for legs.

*Chaunt.* Singing.

*Copper clinking.* A knowing phrase, such as, what, have you got no half-pence about you? nor, I don't hear any *copper clinking*,

*Gropers.* Pockets.

*Daddles.* Hands.

*Nicks.* How they have brought a German word into *cant* I know not, but nicks means *nothing* in the cant language.

*Kelter.* Money.

*Crap.* Hanged.

*Shove my trunk.* To go away. *Shove my trunk.* Trunk is the body.

*Hop*

*Hop the twig* Is pretty near the same as Shove the Trunk. It means to depart suddenly.

*Blowen.* A woman. A Rum Blowen. A pretty woman.

*Mizzle.* Is sneaking away, or running away. When they make their escape from a constable, I tipt him the rum mizzle.

*Slang boys.* Boys of the slang; fellows who speak the *slang* language, which is the same as *flash* and *cant*, but the word *slang* is applied differently; when one asks the other to shake hands, that is, *slang* us your *mauly*. To exhibit any thing in a fair or market, such as a tall man, or a cow with two heads, that's called *slanging*, and the exhibiter is called the *slang cull*.

*Hot.* A mixed kind of liquor, of beer and gin, with egg, sugar and nutmeg, drank mostly in night-houses, but when drank in a morning, it is called *flannel*. This was a favourite liquor of the celebrated Ned Shuter's: I remember spending an evening with him, in company with that darling of his age, doctor Goldsmith; staying rather late, as we  
were

were seeing the doctor to his chambers in the Temple where he then lived, Shuter prevailed on him to step into one of these houses, just to see a little *fun*, as he called it, at the same time, assuring the doctor, that no harm might be apprehended, as he was well acquainted with the *cove* and *covefs*, that is, the landlord and landlady : upon the strength of this, we beat our rounds 'till we arrived at the door of the house ; in the middle of the door was a wicket, through which the landlord looked, and the moment he saw Shuter, without any questions the door flew open as by enchantment ; we entered, the doctor slipt down on the first seat he saw empty, Shuter ordered a quart of gin hot ; we had no sooner tasted it but a voice saluted Shuter thus, " I say, master Neddy, " when is your benefit ? Come tip us a " *chaunt*, and hand us over a ticket, and " here's a bobstick." Shuter took this man by the hand, and begged to introduce him to the doctor, which he did in the following manner : " Sit down by my " friend ; there, doctor, is a gentleman as " well as myself, whose family has made  
" some



“ some *noise* in the world ; his father, I  
“ knew, a drummer in the third regi-  
“ ment of guards, and his mother sold  
“ oysters at Billingsgate ; he’s likewise  
“ high borned and deep learned ; for he  
“ was borned in a garret and bred in a  
“ night-cellar.” As I sat near the doctor,  
he whispered me, to know whether I  
knew this gentleman Mr. Shuter had in-  
troduced. I replied I had not that honour,  
when, immediately, a fellow came into  
the box, and in a kind of an under voice  
asked the person Mr. Shuter had intro-  
duced, “ how many there were crap’d a  
“ Wednesday?” The other replied, “ three.”  
“ Was there ere a *cock* among them ?” re-  
sumed the other, (meaning a fellow who died  
game.) “ No, but an old *pal* of your’s,  
“ which I did a particular piece of service  
“ to as he was going his journey ; I took  
“ the liberty of troubling him with a  
“ *line*, which he had no sooner got about  
“ his neck, than I put my thumb under  
“ the but of his left ear, and at the same  
“ time, as I descended from the cart, I  
“ gave him such a gallows snatch of the  
“ *dew-beaters* that he was dead near twenty  
“ minutes

“ minutes by the sheriff’s watch before  
 “ the other two. I don’t recollect that I  
 “ have *crap’d* a man better for this twelve-  
 “ month.” The doctor beckoned to  
 Shuter, and in the same breath cried out,  
 “ for Heaven’s sake who is this man you  
 “ have introduced to me ?” “ Who is he ?”  
 says Shuter ; “ why, he’s squire Tollis,  
 “ don’t you know him ?” “ No, indeed,”  
 replied the doctor : “ Why,” answered  
 Shuter, “ the world vulgarly call him  
 “ the *hang-man*, but here he is stiled the  
 “ *crap-merchant*.” The doctor rose from  
 his seat in great perturbation of mind and  
 exclaimed, “ Good God ! and have I been  
 “ sitting in company all this while with  
 “ a hang-man ?” The doctor requested  
 I would see him out of the house, which  
 I did, highly pleased at the conversation  
 of two men, whose feelings of Nature as  
 widely differed as those of the recording  
 angel in Heaven’s high chancery (as men-  
 tioned in Sterne’s story of Le Fevre) to the  
 opposite one of the mid-night ruffian, who  
 murdered the ever to be lamented Lin-  
 ton\*.

*Scamp.*

\* Mr. Linton, a musician, who was robbed and most inhu-  
 manly murdered in St. Martin’s-lane.

*Scamp.* Scamp, is going upon the highway: a foot scamp is a low fellow that stops you with a bludgeon, cutlass, or knife, and ill treats you: But the *royal scamp* is a *gentleman highwayman* who rides a good horse, seldom robs any people but those he thinks can very well afford it; never shoots, cuts, or maims. One Hawk, who was called the flying highwayman, seeing a countryman who had *just* been robbed by two foot-pads, asked him what they had taken from him; the countryman said, "twelve shillings, a clasp knife, and a new handkerchief off his neck." "How long," says the highwayman, "since they robbed you?" The countryman replied, "not ten minutes before you came up." "Very well," says the highwayman, "get up behind me, and we'll soon overtake them." In the course of about half an hour, having been lucky enough to hear of them upon the road, they overtook them, when the highwayman jumped off the horse, took out a brace of pistols, at the same time delivering one to the countryman with an oath, that if he did not go up to one of

the

the footpads and demand his money he'd shoot him through the head, and in regard to the other footpad, he would himself rob him. The poor countryman, spirited up by the loss of his money, and the threatening of his companion, asked whether there was lead in the pistol; being assured there were a couple of balls in it, he boldly marched on, and having received his instructions from Hawk, put his pistol to the head of the footpad, whilst Hawk did the same to the other, and robbed the two footpads (if it can be so called) of about four or five guineas in money, then gave them both a hearty drubbing. The highwayman told them his name was Hawk, the flying highwayman, and what he had done was not so much for their being robbers, but despicable scoundrels, to rob a poor countryman of his little market-money. "Here," says he to the countryman, "is your money" and property back again, fetch me my horse, and get up behind me;" then having enquired where the countryman lived, he took him home to his own house, and made him promise, that he

never



never should speak of it to any person for a twelve month.

*Snack the bit.* To share the money.

*Rolling Joe.* A kind of fellow who dresses smart, or what they term *natty*, some such phrase as this, such a one is a *natty*, *rolling*, *flashy* blade: they all tend to the above purpose.

*Glims.* Eyes.

*A Ned.* A guinea.

*Neddies.* A number of guineas.

*Bub and Grub.* A mighty low expression, signifying victuals and drink.

*Ken.* Is a house.

*Drop the glanthem.* Parting with money.

*Gammon.* Gammon and Patter is the language of cant, spoke among themselves; when one of them speaks well, another says he gammons well, or he has got a great deal of *rum patter*.

*Dubber mum'd.* To keep your mouth shut, or be obliged to hold your tongue.

*Hornies.* Constables, watchmen, and peace-officers.

*Traps.* Belonging to the rotation offices; when the magistrates send their men in pursuit of robbers, they say, the traps are after us.

*Scouts.*

*Scouts.* Men from the above offices, who are sent out as scouts, for the purpose of getting intelligence of robbers, &c.

*Beak-runners.* The same description of men belonging to the above magistrates, who are called in cant, the *Beaks*, a term that was given to the late Sir John Fielding, the *blind beak*.

*Pal.* A comrade, when highwaymen rob in pairs, they say such a one was his or my *pal*.

*Lock do you cut.* Means by what way do you get your livelihood now? Or, are you on the *sneak-buz*? Or, what lock do you cut? Or, how do you work?

*Rum squeeze at the spell.* A kind of harvest for pick-pockets. When the king goes to the play, and there is an overflow of the house, the *Spell* is cant for the theatre. Here it will be necessary to explain making of a *stall*, as they term it, one pick-pocket gets in the front and squeezes backwards, another behind you, and pushes forward; one of each side of you, which, if they can get your arms up, they will prevent your getting them down

down again, and then you are sure to be robbed of your watch, money, or pocket-book.

*Wipe priging.* Stealing of handkerchiefs.

*Tick.* Is your watch.

*Reader.* Is a *pocket-book*; a person cannot be too careful of this article, particularly if he should have what they call any *rum screens* in it, that is, bank notes. This robbery is chiefly carried on about the bank, and practised mostly by young Jews, who are continually lurking about the avenues of the Bank and Royal Exchange. As soon as you call a coach, and you are stepping into it, that instant they make a dive into your pocket, for your *reader*; if the person should be on foot, and going over any of the bridges, one of the thieves runs before you, stops in the middle of the bridge, looks through the balustrades, and cries out, they will all be drowned, the boat is bottom upwards, *see, see* how the woman struggles, *at the same time pointing with his finger*, you run your head through to see this wonderful sight, in the mean time, another thief runs

runs his hand into your pocket and *prigs* your *reader*, *dings* it to another, in half an hour the notes are sold in Duke's-place, and in the course of a few days re-sold in Amsterdam, where you have no kind of chance of recovering them. I would advise people who are robbed of bank notes in the metropolis, whether at theatres, or other places of public amusements, to advertise directly, but not mention the number of the note, to say number forgot; then privately take the number to the bank, tell your story to the clerk in whose department it is to give cash for it, desire him to send to the next coffee-house for you, when any person comes to change that note or notes; ten thousand chances to one before you have drank your dish of coffee, the thief comes (securely as he thinks) for cash, where you will have an opportunity of not only receiving your note, but seeing justice done upon the offender.

*Up to us.* The party suspecting they are going to be robbed, tell the thieves it won't do, they are not to be done, they are *up to you*, &c.

M

*Napt*



*Napt a couple of birds eye wipes.* He had stolen a couple of handkerchiefs of a particular pattern, called the Bird's-eye.

*Fenced.* Is disposing of any thing stolen for a quarter of the value. In Field-lane, where the handkerchiefs are carried, there are a number of shops, called Fence-shops, where you may buy any number, quantity or quality, particularly the day after the king goes to the house of lords, or to the opera, masquerade, &c.

*Cove.* The man of the house.

*Ken.* A house.

*Rum screen.* A bank note.

*Dabbin rig.* Dobbin is ribbon; going upon the dobbin, is a woman dressed like a servant maid, no hat nor cloak on, a bunch of young dubs by her side, which are a bunch of small keys, a queen Elizabeth in her maully, that is, the key of the street door in her hand, a cream-pot in the other, about eight o'clock of a winter's morning, she watches an apprentice taking down the shutters of some mercers or milliners shop, she steps up to him seemingly in a hurry, and wants to buy and see some new fashioned ribbon, he

he no sooner puts a large drawer before her, that she may take her choice, but she disturbs the whole œconomy of it, by intermixing the colours, then desires him to cut her off a yard of such a colour, and a yard of such a colour, then, while the fool of an apprentice is taking down the remainder of the window-shutters, or, perhaps, looking for a pair of scissars, the *dobbin madam* is *working in her way*, such as sinking a number of *cants*, which are the rolls of ribbon into a large pocket, made on purpose, and hung before her for the reception of them. It has been well known, that in the course of one morning they have got upon this rig three or four hundred yards of *dobbin*.

*Cant of dobbin.* A roll of ribbon.

*Neggin of lightning.* A quartern of gin.

*Lumber.* A room.

*Touching Sue.* A noted prostitute in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, that it is impossible to speak to, or drink with, but she will rob you of something; if she takes a man to her lodgings she is noted for *twang* stealing.

*Tollibon Nan.* Tollibon in cant means the tongue. Women who have an art of rolling the tongue up in such a manner, as to make even the faculty believe they were born without one. Going upon the tollibon is a woman of this sort. This woman, as soon as she gets footing in a house, points to her mouth, and shews you what you think the stump of her tongue, then she points to her ears, and makes motions that she is deaf, another motion is made to get her pen, ink, and paper, she writes down, that though it has pleased God to deprive her of *speaking* and *bearing*, yet he has been sufficiently merciful to compensate for the loss of them, by giving her a power to look into the Book of Fate, and telling people what good or ill they are born to, begs leave to cast the figure of your nativity, &c. And why should we be surpris'd at inferior people being open to their deceptions, when we find the immortal Otway, in the tragedy of his Orphan, makes a sensible young soldier give way to the intelligence of such people? A tollibon lady of this kind had introduced herself

self into the family of a justice of the peace in the county of Kent, just for the sake of telling his wife and daughters their fortunes. The magistrate being a plain, honest, well-meaning man, sat smoking his pipe, and laughing at the credulity of his wife and daughters, when all of a sudden a man rode by the window, that the tollibon madam had formerly cohabited with, she forgetting herself, puts her head out of the sash, which happened to be open, bawls out——hip! hallo! I want to speak with you; I have something very particular to say to you. When she brought her head from the window, the justice asked her quickly and sternly before she could recollect herself, how long she had been dumb? She answered, “five years, please your worship;” he immediately ordering his servant to fetch a constable, she dropt upon her knees, begged for mercy, and at the intercession of his wife and daughters, he at last was prevailed upon to suffer the tollibon lady to depart.

*Queer Plungers.* A very singular fraud practised upon the *Humane Society*, Land-  
lords



lords of Wapping, who keep public houses by the water side, agree with the queer plunger for a guinea, that he shall hire a boat, and come to the landing place opposite his house, and in getting out of the boat, make a sham step and fall over board; the landlord takes care to be near at hand to assist in getting him ashore: the populace beg he may be taken into some house, and a surgeon sent for; he is carried into the public house of this landlord to all appearance dead, laid upon the floor, and when the doctor comes, and the wonderful operation begins to be performed, by rolling him upon the floor, putting salt upon the pit of his stomach, and bleeding, &c. The secretary of the humane society is now sent for, and the whole matter related to him, in what manner the accident happened, and by what a miracle the poor man has been restored to life. The landlord receives three guineas, the surgeon five; the whole affair is advertised next day, with public thanks to the landlord for his humanity, and the doctor for his great skill and diligence in his profession.

The

The Queer Plunger has another guinea given him by the secretary, with orders to attend the vestry of such a church, where there will be a Charity Sermon preached for the benefit of the Humane Society, and he will be entitled to some part of the charity. The following Sunday some eminent divine is to preach; in consequence whereof a numerous congregation assemble, the Queer Plunger, with several others who have been recovered in like manner, (and, perhaps, all in the fraud) are put into a pew appropriated for that purpose only. The parson paints a melancholy and pathetic scene, proving, at the same time, the great utility of the charity. The congregation beholds the Plungers before them; every eye is bent upon them; then the committee are dispersed from pew to pew for a collection. When they have collected all the money within-side the church, the Sermon ends, and they take their different stands at the doors without side of the church. The money collected within and without seldom amounts to less than a hundred pounds. The parson has ten  
for

for preaching; the queer plungers three guineas a piece; ten pounds more is gormandized at a dinner by the parish officers and committee; and the rest sunk in the fund of the charity: such is this *benevolent and humane society!*

*Running rumblers.* The running rumbler is a fellow belonging to a gang of pickpockets, who, in order to give them an opportunity of *working* upon the *buz*, that is, picking of pockets, gets a large grinding-stone, which he rolls along the pavement, the passengers hearing the rumble, endeavour to get out of the way, for fear of its running against them, or over their toes; in this critical moment some of the gang snatch your watch, or pick your pocket of your purse, book, or handkerchief.

*Smacking Sam.* A noted fellow, who on a trial will endeavour to prove an *alibi*, by swearing through as many bibles as could be packed up as high as St. Paul's. These kind of men attend the courts of law, particularly the Marshalsea; their price is five shillings for what they call *mounting*; they have  
been

been known to *mount* two or three times in one day; they have dresses for each character; a large wig, a tolerable hat, a good neck-cloth, coat buttoned up tight; they often go bail for a person; when they are asked what their trade is, they immediately reply, a grocer, and swear themselves worth double the sum sued for, their bail is forthwith taken, and this genius is a *green* grocer, who lives in a cellar, and his whole stock in trade, perhaps, two or three gallons of sand, half a dozen birch brooms, and a bunch of turnips.

*A cockabrafts.* A fellow that stands at an ale-house door, when the *gentlemen of the drop* SPEAK to a man, as they phrase it; that is, pick him up and take him to the above ale-house to *jump* him, or do him upon the *broads*, which means, *cards*: as soon as ever they *mizzle*; if the flat suspects he has been cheated, or more properly called robbed, he comes out in a great hurry to the door, and asks the cockabrafts which way such men went, the cockabrafts points out a contrary way, and tells him he heard somebody



body say as he was coming out of the door, that he should sup to-night at the Swan with Two-Necks in Lad-lane. This is done in order that the deluded person should follow them in the streets. The cockabrams is a fellow that can't *work* himself in their way, and therefore fit for nothing else, than this business of standing at the door, and acting in the manner described.

*A sky larker.* A journeyman bricklayer, or a bricklayer's labourer. This fellow, after a stormy night, gets up very early the next morning, and finds out some house that has had a brick-bat blown off the chimney or a tile from off the roof. Then he provides himself with half a hod of mortar, a trowel, a couple of brick-bats, and two or three tiles, knocks at the door of the above house, desires to speak to the master; when the master comes to the door, he says, "I see, "Sir, you have had an accident this "windy night, there is a brick-bat or "two blown off your chimney, and two "or three tiles carried away; if the wind "continues to blow as hard to-night  
"you'll

“ you’ll stand a chance of having your  
 “ chimney down, or your house unroof-  
 “ ed ; I was thinking, Sir, as I have got  
 “ some mortar and a brick-bat or two,  
 “ with a few tiles, to put them on and  
 “ fasten the rest ; I’ll do it all for a shil-  
 “ ling ; if you will let your maid shew  
 “ me up to the top of the house, I’ll get  
 “ out upon the leads ; I sha’n’t be above  
 “ half an hour about it.” Now, it is  
 most probable, this man belongs to a de-  
 sperate gang of house-breakers, if so, he  
 surveys the house, how, or in what man-  
 ner it can be robbed, and reports it to  
 the gang accordingly, and they insert it  
 in a list with many more for the like pur-  
 pose, and nothing so likely as the house  
 being robbed the same night : at any  
 rate, the *sky-larker* is a thief, and will  
 rob the house somehow or other, by slip-  
 ping into some of the chambers, &c.

*Moll Slavy.* A servant maid.

*Bobstick of rum slim.* That is a shilling’s  
 worth of punch. *Slim* is cant for punch.

*Adam’d.* A person that is married.

*Rum Tom Patt.* A real clergyman.

*Fall*

*Fall of the leaf.* The new mode of hanging. The culprit is brought out upon a stage, and placed upon a leaf, when the rope is fixed about his neck the leaf falls, and the body immediately becomes pendant. This is termed the fall of the leaf.

*Tuck'em Fair.* The place of execution.

*He died damn'd hard and as bold as brass.* An expression commonly used among the vulgar after returning from an execution.

*Hobbled.* A term when any of the gang is taken up, and committed for trial, to say, such a one is *hobbled*.

*Melting-pot receiver.* People who keep melting-pots over the fire the whole day, as a Cook's-shop keeps a pot in beans and pea season; these pots are not only kept in Duke's-place, but in many other parts of the city; some belong to very capital houses, and though the owners of them know, that the plate which is brought for sale is the plunder of thieves and house-breakers, yet, as they give the price mentioned by act of parliament, and take a receipt for the money, and buy it in the open day, no law can touch them; and if it were possible to be at the receivers

ceivers two minutes after the sale of it, even while you are knocking at the door the plate would be melted, and the moment you enter the house they shew you their book, what was given an ounce for it, and though you are almost sure it is your own, yet you cannot ascertain it as such, because the melting has taken away the coat of arms, crest, cypher, &c.

*Clink.* A silver tankard.

*Nap the bib.* A person crying.

*Did him over.* This word is applied in many respects: A man, for instance, cast for death, the judge did him over; or a man that has easily been robbed at cards, &c. the sharp says, "I did him over."

*Snoozed.* To sleep; a person that sleeps soundly is called a Rum Snoozer. If he shams sleep to listen to conversation, then they say he is a *Queer Rooster*.

*Kid.* Is a young boy: Going upon the kid rig is watching boys who are sent with parcels, which they will pretend to hold for them while they go and give (pointing to some young lady in a shop) that lady this letter: They hold the parcel for him and promise him a shilling when



when he comes back; in the mean time the thief runs away with the parcel. Sometimes when they see two well-dressed boys walking or playing in the fields, they will set them a running together for a wager of a shilling, pretending to hold their cloaths, and the moment the young kiddies set off upon their race, the thief sets off with their cloaths.

*Flash of lightning.* A glass of gin.

*Cull.* Applied many ways, such as a rum cull, a queer cull, a fool, rogue, thief, flat, sharp, &c.

*Dish of lap.* A dish of tea.

*Dorfed.* The place where a person sleeps, or a bed: I dorfed there last night.

*Lully priging.* Stealing wet linen off the hedges.

*Hobbled upon the leg.* A person transported or sent on board the hulks.

*Duncan Campbell's floating academy.* The term these people give to the Justitia Hulk that Duncan Campbell is governor of.

*Napping a clink.* That is, stealing a silver tankard.

*Mosque.* Church.

*Napt*

*Napt a couple of neds.* To get two guineas.

*Blue pigeon flying.* Fellows who steal lead off houses, or cut pipes away. They will out *chif* sometimes, that is, their knife, and cut a hundred weight of lead, which they rap round their bodies next to the skin, this they call a Bible, and what they steal and put in their pockets they call a prayer-book.

*Running glazier.* A fellow that gets a little round hat, an apron, a pane of glass in one hand with a lump of putty stuck upon the corner of it; finds out what families have left town, knocks at the door, tells the house-keeper that he had orders to clean and mend the windows; but he no sooner begins cleaning and mending, than watching the first opportunity he robs the house.

*Ballooning.* When a balloon is to be liberated it occasions a great concourse of people, and the pick-pockets can work better then, and with more ease and safety than at any other public amusement.

*Ding a tick or a reader.* The word ding is to pass any thing quick from one to another.

ther. *Tick* is a watch, *reader* a pocket-book. The moment they have picked your pocket of either, one *dings* it to his Pal, that is, his comrade, who sometimes passes it to another, and though you feel your watch gone and suspect the person next to you, and have him searched, your property not being discovered to be about him, the magistrate, it is true, may commit him, so far as to order him upon a future day for re-examination; but by your not being able to swear he robbed you, nor the watch or book found about him, in spite of Fate he must be discharged.

*Cligh.* A purse.

*Bit.* Money.

*Smiters.* Arms.

*Hands.* Daddles.

*Fingers.* Crooks.

*Squeeze clout and nap his rum twang.* This is a boast of what a person can do at the time of the ascending of a balloon. She says she has robbed one man twice the same day, and if she should see him tomorrow she verily believes, that at the time of the balloon being liberated, he will stand his Squeeze Clout being unbuckled,

buckled, that is, his stock, and nap his Rum Twang, which is his silver stock-buckle.

*Gentlemen of the drop.* Are a set of people to be seen in all the great thorough-fare streets in London, some on one side of the way, and some on the other. They dress quite different, some like farmers and graziers, with a drab coat, a brown, two curl wig, boots, spurs, &c. others like walking jockeys, horse-dealers, tradesmen, gentlemen mackaronies, &c. some speak Irish, some Welch, and others the West and North Country dialects; they often appear as raw countrymen, a flapped hat, a false set of lank hair. These geniuses possess a Bank stock of four or five hundred pounds, which they obtain from an usurer, and when they return it at night, according to their success, they *drop* him, as they call it, from a crown to a guinea.

Their method of picking a person up is very clever; they are great physiognomists, and generally have a shrewd guess who will answer their purpose. As soon

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\* One of the Profession, who having got a large sum in trade, turns usurer, and supplies them with a *travelling bank*.



as ever they have set you, or scented you, and you are to be spoke to; the first word you speak, they will not only come countryman over you, but even namesake and relation; then, of course your relation and you must drink together. He now takes you to a public house, the landlord of which is a thief, and belongs to the gang. When the sharp has lumbered you; that is, got you into a room, the gentry begin to fall in one after another, some call for punch, some for porter, &c. all appear as strangers to each other; in a very little time the sham squire rolls in seemingly drunk, wants to know who has got any money, or who will play a game of all fours for a guinea; your pretended friend whispers you, that the squire is drunk, and will soon lose three or four guineas, and if you will go his halves he will play with him for a guinea. The squire pulls out handfulls of gold; this is done only to tempt you. The sharper tells you, if you will go out and buy a new pack of cards and go a crown or two with him, when you come back he will get the squire into another room, we may as well win twenty or thirty guineas of him

him as any body else. The squire and your pretended friend are now at play, and you go a crown or half a guinea. The first three or four games are intentionally lost by the squire, in order to encourage you to bet largely, but in the course of an hour or so there will be a fatal change in the play, and you will find yourself *betted* and *done out* of all your money, and who have you to thank but yourself? And who can you complain to? If you were to bring the matter before a court of law, they will prove you bought, brought, and introduced the cards yourself with a view to take in the squire.

Now another drop genius is planted upon you, to *turn you up*, as they call it: He tells you that he is going to receive fifty pounds of an uncle, and if you will go with him he will let you have ten or twenty pounds, and meet the squire at such a house in such a street and play with him, himself and you shall go his halves, if you will persuade the squire to come to this place appointed; this is called *nutting* of you. You and your new friend set off to his uncle's, and after he has taken you

two or three miles to a different part of the city, and through as many streets, back lanes and alleys as there are stones in the street, you arrive at his uncle's, as he is pleased to call him. The *drop-merchant* bids you not come in sight of the door for fear his uncle might see you and suspect something, bids you walk round the next corner, and he will be with you in less than a quarter of an hour; in the mean time, he slips up some alley or lane and mizzles off, having fairly *turned you up*; you, on your part, keep walking about for an hour, but no friend appearing, and your patience quite exhausted, you are induced to go to the uncle's yourself, after you have rung the bell or knocked at the door, the servant comes to know your commands, you begin a cock and a bull story about your having lost forty guineas, and the gentleman's nephew that is in here told me he was to receive fifty pounds of his uncle, and promised to let you have half; this discourse with the servant brings the master of the house to the door, who is induced to think you some sharper come to inveigle his servant,

&c.

&c. talks of sending for a constable, this frightens you away, and off you run; perhaps with the utmost difficulty you may find the house from whence you came; the sharpers perceive now you have not stood the *turn up* as well as they could wish; you, on your part, begin to think you have been cheated, or more properly called, robbed, talk of going to a justice of the peace, &c. They then have recourse to one of the gang, who is called the ruffian. This fellow's sole business is to fight; he directly comes up to you and begins *squaring* himself, and asks you whether you want to rob the house, at the same time fetches you a spank on the head and knocks you down. If you won't go, the landlord tells you he will send out for a peace-officer and have you taken into custody for bringing sharpers into his house and breeding a riot, &c.

*Fawny.* An old, stale trick called, ring-dropping. A fellow gets a woman's pocket, with a huffive, pin-cushion, thimble, and a ring; the fawny sees a credulous looking person coming along, who lets you pick it up, or, perhaps, picks it up himself,



himself, then says, "you shall have half," begins examining of the contents; "some poor woman," says he, "that has lost her pocket: What is here? A thimble; and here is a ring; and her wedding ring too; ay! and here is a posy," begins to read the posy within-side the ring: "Love me and leave me not." "I dare say it is worth three or four and twenty shillings, however, as I can't stay, if you will give me eight or nine shillings you are welcome to my half, and keep the whole to yourself;" this you comply with, and you are now in possession of a ring whose intrinsic value is worth about three half-pence.

Another kind of these *fawny* gentlemen pretend to pick up a paste or a foil ring in an elegant case wrapt up in fine cotton, with a bill and a receipt for a diamond ring of a hundred and fifty guineas; if this genius can get you into a public house, his *Pal*, that is, his comrade, a genteel looking fellow, who appears a total stranger, comes up to you and looks at it, and says he will give thirty guineas for

for it ; now, you begin to be convinced of its value, bid forty for it, the bargain is struck, and the value of this ring may be about seventeen or eighteen shillings. There are two shops in London, that sell both these kind of rings for this species of villainy only. The latter fraud is now under the consideration of the twelve judges, and it is thought it will be made capital.

*Knuckle.* Going upon the knuckle is going a thieving, pickpocketing, &c. The knuckle is chiefly carried on at the lobbies of the Houses of Lords and Commons, or the different passages of the Theatres, &c.

*Full Wack.* A person having his full wack is, his share of what money is won at cards, &c. whether they play or not, or when they go a thieving together, to have his full share of the plunder. I'll have my *wack*, &c.

*Running snavel.* People who watch children of a Monday morning going to school with their school-money, satchel of books, bread and butter in their hands, and dinners in their basket, they coax them

them up some alley or passage under pretence of giving them marbles, &c. at the same time take every thing they have from them.

*Craft rig.* A new and curious species of robbery practised upon the river Thames. Two fellows who dress and look like watermen, steal a boat, row down the river to meet the Kent hoys, particularly from Margate and Ramsgate. They hale the hoys, and want to know who wishes to go on shore, and as sure as any lady or gentleman gets into their boat, in a very little time they will jump up and rob you, tie you neck and heels, row up to the West country craft, heave you on board, take your *peter*, that is, your trunk, ashore with them, where it is *gutted* and disposed of the same night. The above robbery was committed last Summer upon Mr. V——, hatter, in Piccadilly.

*Two bobsticks of slim.* Two bobsticks means two shillings: and slim is punch.

*Flag's worth of lightning.* Flag is fourpence; and lightning is gin.

*Roue.* A cant word signifying a noise made by some of the company, or a quarrel.

rel. Kicked up a quarrel. Kicked up a Roue.

*Village bustler.* A bustling fellow that has such a propensity to thieving, that whatever place he is in he will not go to bed till he has robbed somebody, from the dish-clout in the sink-hole, to the diamond ring off the lady's toilet.

*Chaunted upon the leer.* Chaunted is cant for a person being advertised; *leer* is cant for a news-paper; if one sees another advertised, it is said, he is chaunted upon the leer.

*Screen.* A bank note.

*Snitch upon us.* To tell who are the sharps, a character held in the highest detestation among them. The *snitcher* often informs against them; if he stands and sees any money won, if they don't give him his *wack*, that is, a part of it, he will follow the person out of the house, and tell him how he has been cheated, robbed, &c. and if you will give him something he will tell you their names, and the landlord's name of the house, &c.

*Fix us.* Meaning to snitch upon a person by putting them into the hands of justice, called *fixing them*, &c.

*Lap*



*Lap feeder.* A silver tea spoon.

*Prig'd.* To thief.

*Frisk'd.* A knowing term used among *traps*, *scouts* and *runners*, when they take a person up on suspicion. They *frisk* him, that is, search him to find pawn-brokers, duplicates, writings, or property, that may tend to a discovery.

*Wipe.* Handkerchief.

*Fam.* A gold ring.

*Tick.* A watch.

*Gammon and Patter.* Jaw talk, &c. A fellow that speaks well, they say he gammons well, or he has a great deal of rum patter.

C H A P. XVI.

*Two original poems—Distressed genius and gratitude, exemplified in the characters of a painter and a Turk ; the former dedicated to that great artist, the Reverend Mr. William Peters, of the Royal Academy, in London, and the latter to Doctor Achmet, of the city of Dublin.*

TO THE REV. MR. WILLIAM PETERS, R. A.

THERE are two reasons for my addressing you—*your* taste and *my* gratitude ; and I flatter myself, that the world (I mean the world of taste) will join me, when I say, I could not have chosen a more proper person to dedicate the following poem, than Mr. Peters, whose feelings were ever open to the touch of humanity, when genius claimed the tributary help—in you, the fine arts have met with a friend. The following poems are originals, in their way, though  
not

not my originals. I would say, that their authors thoughts were better than my own, but that I am thinking how much I have been honoured in your friendship and esteem.

## C A R R A V A G G I O.

Oppress'd by surly poverty and woe,  
The man of real genius rises slow ;  
An hundred evils each succeeding day,  
Appear to scatter brambles in his way ;  
Should he, perchance, pass o'er the thorny track,  
Some ugly fiend is near to pluck him back ;  
Whilst artful knaves and those of folly's train,  
Ascend with ease the shining hills of gain,  
Glide smooth thro' life, and very rarely find  
One pointed thorn to rankle in the mind.

Ah ! cruel fortune ! you awake a sigh,  
When e'er I think, with what a partial eye,  
You single out the vilest of the earth,  
To lavish on them what belongs to worth ;  
E'en so, in early spring, the fatt'ning show'r,  
Passes the root that bears the useful flow'r,  
To spend its drops upon the barren wild,  
Where never fruit was seen or blossom smil'd.

Uncertain goddess ! ever shifting dame,  
That stops the trav'ler in his way to fame.  
Through life's rude journey, may I 'scape thy hate,  
And Carravaggio's undeserved fate.

He

## VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 189

He now who claims the Muse's friendly song,  
 Awakes her pity as she sings his wrong.  
 Poor Carravaggio ! of the schools of art,  
 Few have been found to equal thy desert :  
 Like the bold eagle that disdain'd to soar,  
 Where humbler birds had wing'd their way before,  
 You spurn'd the clouds as things beneath your care,  
 Soar'd to the sun, and breath'd ætherial air,  
 Whilst envy sicken'd at thy glorious rise,  
 And strove, in vain, to pluck thee from the skies ;  
 But, ah ! at length, a greater foe assail'd,  
 Pursu'd thy footsteps, and at length prevail'd :  
 How persecuted and how sad you fell !  
 Be that the muse's future care to tell. \

Born a bright genius, and (what's often known)  
 Not worth a ducat he might call his own ;  
 Yet was his soul a rare, exhaustless mine,  
 Stor'd with ideas beautiful, divine :  
 All that could elevate, adorn and please,  
 Was Carravaggio's, save a life of ease ;  
 His want of riches made him oft depend,  
 On the capricious humours of a friend :  
 And that rare mercy which should more abound,  
 He oft expected, and as seldom found :  
 Like the blind bard of Greece, from town to town,  
 For sustenance, he wander'd up and down ;  
 Like him, where'er he came, his worth surpriz'd ;  
 But most like him, his poverty despis'd :  
 When e'er his stomach urg'd its usual claim,  
 His pencil painted, e'er the dinner came.

His



His dinner ended, he could scarce tell where,  
 With certainty, an evening meal to share ;  
 No gentle patron Carravaggio knew ;  
 Patrons to men of merit are but few ;  
 He who would find them, will not miss his aim,  
 'Mongst pimps and panders, midst the scenes of  
 shame.

*Prudence* (a guide the wise are proud to own)  
 And he, alas ! were very rarely known :  
 If she set off to lead him as a friend,  
 She surely left him ere the journey's end,  
 For 'cross his way, a smiling goddess came,  
 Well known, and *Liberality* her name :  
 'These twain where *plenty* does not deign to smile,  
 Seldom agree upon the road a mile.

Unknown to flatt'ry and the cringing art,  
 And such low vices as debase the heart :  
 The gates of palaces where flatt'ers flock,  
 Ever refused to open at his knock :  
 One thing he had if wrong *the wise decide*  
 He had what flatt'ry hates—A manly pride ;  
 The fault inclines the most to virtue's side.  
 A Roman noble heard my hero's name,  
 Was loudly sounded thro' the trump of fame,  
 Invites the artist to his princely home,  
 To trace historic scenes around the dome :  
 The raptur'd artist, all his skill displays,  
 And meets with negligence instead of praise.  
 Fir'd with resentment at the worthless man,  
 He left unfinish'd, what his skill began,  
 To affront a noble of the Roman state,  
 Engender'd *rage* and persecuting *hate*.

Their

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 191

Their offspring flew and Caravaggio drove,  
 From Rome's fam'd city far away to rove ;  
 Friendless he flew from black *revenge* and *pride*,  
 To seek that bread his native home deni'd ;  
 His pencils, palette, and a bosom gay,  
 Were all the riches that he bore away,  
 Save radiant genius all sublime and chaste,  
 Correct as \* Raphael's who was prince of taste.  
 These were his hope's anchor all,  
 An easy burden, and a fortune small ;  
 A coin so light in avarice greedy eye,  
 That he offends with such who strives to buy ;  
 A species, that no superscription bears,  
 Where *ignorance* stands to barter forth her wares :  
 Urge it to such when *hunger* pales the face,  
 They'll shake the head, and turn the coin as base ;  
 Talk then of *taste*, no other taste they own,  
 But that to every creeping creature known.  
 Thus circumstanc'd the artist took his way  
 Tow'rd where Sicilia's pride, Messina lay :  
 At first he heeded not his lack of store,  
 His pencil promis'd to afford him more :  
 E'en that he fancy'd would procure him wealth  
 Enough for pleasures, and enough for health.  
 Some days elaps'd when all his flow'ry dreams,  
 His cloud-built castles, and his airy schemes  
 Vanish'd like lightning. Strait a pilgrim gaunt  
 O'ertook the trav'ler, and his name was *want* :  
 No fopling he ; for soon with accent rude  
 Approach'd the man, and blush'd not to intrude.  
 Fain would the artist shun the hateful guest,  
 But strove in vain : close to his side he press'd,  
 And breaking silence, thus the man address'd :

}  
Well

\* Caravaggio was his pupil.

Well overtaken, prythee slack thy pace,  
And let me 'tend thee to thy destin'd place ;  
Thou seem'st alarm'd, what means thy wild surprise ?  
Thy cheeks all pallid, and how dim thy eyes ?  
I know the cause, thy quiv'ring knees confess,  
'Tis me the elder brother of distress ;  
But know, proud Sir, since I thy haunts have found,  
*Want* shall attend thee wheresoe'er thou'rt bound.  
A low built inn there by the way side stood,  
Cover'd with thatch, the rest but homely wood ;  
A sign it had, but the rude hand of *time*  
'That throws down hills, and makes the valley climb,  
Had o'er it many a narrow fissure scor'd,  
And wip'd the superscription from the board :  
Thither he went to sooth his troubled breast,  
And lose, if possible, his ugly guest.  
The major-domo of the rustic cell  
Strait gave him entrance, yet observ'd him well ;  
A thousand doubts perplex'd old *Scorewell's* mind,  
Whether to frown or treat the stranger kind ;  
For he long practis'd to take heedful note,  
Judg'd of each passer's pocket by his coat ;  
And CARAVAGGIO's being fashion'd new,  
First made him fancy all was good and true ;  
But the torn prospect of his worn-out shoes,  
Check'd his first thinking, and first made him muse.  
At length ('twas some infernal wav'd the rod,  
For int'rest only was the landlord's god).  
The host resolv'd, and said with usage gay,  
What would you have, sweet Sir, be pleas'd to say ?  
Bring me, quoth Caravaggio, with an air,  
A chearing bottle, and some right good fare ;

Serve

## VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 193

Serve it in strait my stomach to appease,  
And deal the weary, renovating ease.

*Want* heard the sound, he saw the table spread,  
And like a surly mastiff, growl'd and fled.

The meal soon over, and the cloth remov'd,

He call'd for plenty of the juice he lov'd :

The wond'ring host supply'd the frequent call,

And as his int'rest claim'd, partook of all.

With merry chat, and many a gambol gay,

They eat and drank, and wore away the day.

Now morning came (ah ! morning big with ill),

For *Scorewell* enter'd with his copious bill !

Obsequious bending ('twas his usual way),

He gave the scroll, and told the shot to pay.

To this old adage casuists consent,

The greatest wits are most improvident :

Another maxim I shall here record,

The avaricious work their own reward ;

The truth of these will surely most appear,

When what shall follow lights upon the ear :

“ Once about noon, it was in summer's prime,

“ Sally and I, at Windsor spent the time,

“ A sable cloud came rolling from the west,

“ It burst, and struck my charmer on the breast ;

“ For some few moments the electric flame,

“ Depriv'd of speech my much-afflicted dame ;

“ She starts, she gaz'd, th' affright was wond'rous

“ great,

“ And long 'twas ere she could articulate.”

So *Car vaggio* look'd when *Scorewell* came,

And held the scribbl'd ensign of his claim ;

At length recov'ring, he was forc'd to say,

“ By Heav'n, my host, I have not coin to pay.”



“ What's



"What's to be done," the surly host reply'd?  
 "You part not hence 'till I am satisfy'd."  
 Here lours his sable brows, his eye-balls roll,  
 And the big tempest gathers in his soul;  
 Like thunder bursting on the hapless man,  
*Scorewell*, the child of av'rice, thus began:  
 "Curse on the fate of publicans, say I;  
 "There's no profession plac'd beneath the sky  
 "So doom'd like our's; we are the very slaves  
 "Of hungry gluttons, and of thirsty knaves:  
 "Why didst thou dare presume to enter here,  
 "And lordlike call about thee for my cheer,  
 "Knowing thou hadst no coin, for know thou must,  
 "No publican did e'er give trav'lers trust?  
 "Thou art some artful knave, some way-side man,  
 "That hides in bushes only to trepan.  
 "Could'st thou not rob, thy hunger to allay,  
 "An hundred travellers have pass'd to day?  
 "No—thou of courage hast no single spark,  
 "Thy thefts are manag'd always in the dark;  
 "The good wife's linen from the lines you strip,  
 "Or hen-roosts rob, or into pockets dip;  
 "But I'll revenge me quickly of such trash,  
 "The beadle on thy back shall lay his lash."  
 "Go fetch him strait," he to his beldam cried,  
 When *Caravaggio* thus in turn reply'd:  
 "Patience, my host, thou must be satisfy'd,  
 "Smooth thy dark brow, thy anger lay aside;  
 "Come sit thee down, and change thy rude belief,  
 "I am no way-side man, or mid-night thief,  
 "But a poor painter——Rome must own my fame,  
 "And blush to hear her *Caravaggio's* name;  
 "Banish'd

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 195

" Banish'd by her ingratitude, I roam,  
 " To find employment, and a kinder home,  
 " Such is the man who wants the means to pay ;  
 " Then calm thy rage and let the beadle stay ;  
 " Thy worn-out sign I quickly will renew,  
 " And hang so fair a picture to the view,  
 " That men of taste who love the lib'ral arts,  
 " Shall stop to wonder, that in these rude parts,  
 " A work of genius, with an artist's store,  
 " Should grace the sign post of a cottage-door."  
 " Though I dislike the mode, old Scorewell cry'd,  
 " I'll down the sign, and let your skill be tried ;  
 " 'Tis better to have in part, however small,  
 " 'Than sit down tamely, and relinquish all."

Down came the sign, and now the pallet glows,  
 With all the tints that Iris bow bestows :  
 The bold struck contour, trac'd to Scorewell eyes,  
 Quickly, a group of well rang'd forms arise ;  
 The gospel trav'ler, who fell 'mongst thieves,  
 The painter's open lineaments receives :  
 Yielding relief, he drew (so claim'd his plan)  
 In colours strong, the good *Samaritan* ;  
 But in the rude and cruel *Levite's* face,  
 Rough *Scorewell's* homely features one might trace,  
 So like the man, that all who saw must own,  
 The picture represented him alone.  
 The business ended, 'twas replac'd on high,  
 To catch the attention of the passer-by ;  
 And *Caravaggio*, now his task was done,  
 Left the coarse hovel with the setting sun,  
 Tow'rd fair *Messina* sadly took his way,  
 Without a thought to make his bosom gay.

Some days had past, the record says but twain,  
 When for Messina, with a goodly train,  
 Two British nobles by the inn-yard took,  
*Essex* was one, the other good *De Brook* ;  
 They note the sign that grace the road-way side,  
 And soon a master's pencil they descry'd ;  
 They stop, alight, the supple host attends,  
 And bowing low, gives welcome to his friends ;  
 The princely guest enraptur'd stay to gaze,  
 Find Raphael's tints, and Caravaggio's *traits*.  
 A contest rose betwixt the noble pair,  
 Which of the two had shewn his merit there ;  
 As none more proper seem'd their doubts to clear,  
 The host was ask'd what artist had been there ;  
 The subtle fungus told them all he knew,  
 Describ'd his person, name and manners too,  
 Made some addition, said, the wretch was poor,  
 And drew the sign, to pay a drinking score :  
 More he had said, but *Essex* felt the flame  
 Of gentle pity at the painter's name ;  
 Drew forth his purse and offer'd gold good store,  
 To buy the sign that grac'd the homely door :  
 Th' obsequious host could not resist the gold,  
 Accepts the offer, and the sign was sold :  
 'Twas first secur'd, then borne away in haste,  
 To grace the noble cabinet of taste ;  
 Avarice, insatiate devil, was at hand,  
 And by old *Scorewell*'s elbow took his stand,  
 E'en as he counted o'er the shining store,  
 The fiend thus counsel'd him to make it more.

My son, in truth it was a lucky day,  
 When *Caravaggio* came across your way :

That

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 197

That glorious offspring of the golden mine,  
 Had never but for him been truly thine :  
 Go make it more, why dost thou laughing stand,  
 I'll point the way, the means are here at hand :  
 Mount but thy horse, and quickly take the road,  
 And ask where'er you come for his abode ;  
 Soon as thou'lt found this man of genius out,  
 Spare not a little *perch* to catch a *trout* ;  
 Treat him with dainties, and when this is done,  
 Let all your converse on his merit run ;  
 With soothing words, attempt to bring him back,  
 Then offer money—ply him well with sack.  
 He shall return, and paint thee signs good store,  
 To draw the idle spendthrift to thy door :  
 By this good conduct in a little space,  
 Thou may'lt be found the richest in the place ;  
 And when thou'lt treasure got (it heeds not how)  
 Those will respect thee who condemn thee now :  
 The saucy knave that braves thee to thy face,  
 Shall doff the hat and bow to do thee grace :  
 Go there—get riches—honest if you can ;  
 If not, my son, let getting be your plan,  
 And who shall blame ? for prodigals and fools,  
 The wise should light upon to make them tools.  
 Go—mount thy horse, and quickly find him out,  
 A trifle turns the scale while we're in doubt.

Old *Scorewell* heard—he lik'd the dæmon's lore,  
 And all his soul was fixed on getting more.  
 He mounts his horse, and wherefoe'er he came,  
 Enquires for hapless *Caravaggio's* name,  
 All day he rode, and the succeeding day,  
 But found no *Caravaggio* by the way ;



At night he rests, resolving to be up,  
 Before the dew-drops left the hare-bell's cup :  
 Bright morn arose, the wretch his way pursues,  
 And saw what calls up pity in the muse ;  
 O'ercome with *grief, resentment* and *despair*,  
 And ugly *want* that erst had wrought him care ;  
 Poor *Caravaggio* by the road-side lay,  
 Stretch'd a cold lifeless corpse of pallid clay,  
 No friendly form stood ready by to spread  
 A shrouding mantle o'er the silent dead ;  
 No gentle creature near to heave a sigh,  
 Or drop the pearly treasure of the eye,  
 Save one (let flinty avarice blush to hear)—  
 The surly landlord's faithful dog was near ;  
 Either by instinct, or 'twas Heaven's high plan—  
 The tender dog soon recogniz'd the man,  
 And (what his master's iron hand denies)  
 Lick'd his pale face, and kindly closed his eyes.

Thus, by curs'd *avarice*, a genius fell  
 Whose merit pleas'd the tasteful world—how  
     well,  
 Let *Rome*, let *Naples* and *Messina* tell.

TO DOCTOR ACHMET.

THE following poem is so striking in its imagery, so beautiful in its arrangement, and so interesting in its story, as to attach the mind, fix the attention, and excite the admiration of every ingenious reader;—in it the noblest display of that brightest of all virtues, gratitude, tends to raise a similar disposition in the humane breast: I know no person in the city of Dublin, to whom I can with so much justice dedicate this poem, as to Doctor Achmet, who, with many truly christian virtues, assumes the form of a Mus-fulman.

A T A L E.

Where, mid *Italia's* ever sunny lands,  
Fast by the stream of *Po-Ferrara* stands;  
At manhood's full increase now just arriv'd,  
In splendid leisure, young *Cornaro* liv'd;  
Of a full bed, the first and best lov'd,  
Each gift kind nature lent him, art improv'd.

He knew and lov'd his city, yet would know  
What other cities different had to shew;

Eager

Eager to gratify his stretching mind,  
 In one small realm too narrowly confin'd ;  
 To tell his fire, his wish was to succeed ;  
 'The son but hinted, and the fire agreed :  
 Then as became him, full supplied he went,  
 And to *Livornia*\* first his way he bent,  
 On whose fair shore each distant nation meets,  
 And fills with various tongues her peopled streets ;  
 Each object there his strict attention drew,  
 Much he observ'd, yet still found something new,  
 And sought it still, for knowledge, all his end,  
 Him who could that advance, he thought his friend.  
 To rich and poor, alike he cast his eye,  
 As 'twas a treasure they might both enjoy ;  
 And he might teach him who the vessel steer'd,  
 What the rich freighter thought not worth regard.

Of graceful presence and inviting mien,  
 He in each place of full resort was seen,  
 On the throng'd quay or in the busy hall,  
 And skill'd in tongues seem'd countryman to all.  
 To observation, deep reflection join'd,  
 And fix'd the gather'd honey in the mind.

His lodging on a large quadrangle's side,  
 To him still thinking, farther thought supply'd ;  
 And as each hour of passing day went by,  
 Some scene worth note still met his curious eye.

Yet one among the rest he long had weigh'd ;  
 And oft'nest seen the stronger mark it made ;  
 For the sad sigh that keen misfortune drew,  
 Still to his breast an easy passage knew.

\* Leghorn, a great and rich sea-port, of Italy

# VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 201

As he each morn, the rising sun beheld,  
Ere yet the moving square with crouds was fill'd;  
On one same spot as still he look'd around,  
One solitary wretch he always found;  
A porter's garb declar'd his present yoke;  
But his whole mien, a birth far different spoke:  
In his swoln breast, sighs, spight of shame would rise,  
And tears kept back, flow'd faster from his eyes,  
Which with the knotted rope, he wip'd away—  
Sad ensign of his fortune's deep decay.

The youth, who, pitying, saw the frequent grief,  
Thought pity blameful, carrying no relief;  
So generously curious, sought to know,  
In hopes to ease the cause of so much woe,  
And call'd him from his melancholy stand—  
He came, and silent waited his command,  
Thinking some errand would a mite afford,  
Just to support a being he abhorr'd,  
Which, yet, he durst not of himself destroy,  
Since Heav'n again might change the grief it sent to  
joy.

But other business fill'd *Cornaro's* breast,  
And his kind suit in tend'rest terms he press—  
Wish'd that he would his cause of grief impart,  
To one who lov'd to sooth an aching heart;  
And always thought, however low his sphere,  
A man who felt affliction, worth his care:  
Yet here believ'd the stroke of fickle fate,—  
Was fall'n on one had known a happier state.  
“ Then speak, he said, nor let false shame conceal,  
“ Whate'er with truth, a suff'rer may reveal,  
“ And



" And if my happier lot may ease thy woes,  
 " Whate'er a stranger's ear may learn, disclose.  
 The list'ning wretch, each word with wonder heard,  
 Perceiv'd 'em virtue's dictates, and was chear'd ;  
 Ventur'd to throw his slavish badge aside,  
 And thus, with manly confidence reply'd :—

" I was not always what I now appear,  
 " But truths, thy nobleness has challeng'd,—hear :  
 " First, I'm a *Mussulman*, yet here confin'd,  
 " Must with thee, as thy milder doctrine's kind,  
 " Oh ! love thy faith, yet hate not me for mine,  
 " Which had, had'st thou been born a *Turk*, been  
     thine :  
 " Next know, ere fall'n to this most abject state,  
 " *Smyrna* once saw me happy, tho' not great :  
 " By merchandize, with sumptuous affluence blest,  
 " And sweet content, which seldom great ones  
     taste :  
 " But, oh ! to have been blest, brings no relief,  
 " But adds a stronger bitterness to grief.  
 " Forgive my tears that utter as they flow,  
 " A son's, a father's, and a husband's woe ;  
 " To swell each sigh, these various sorrows join,  
 " For all these dear relations once were mine ;  
 " Nor was it hopes of adding to my store,  
 " By lawless plunder sent me from my shore,  
 " To gain in bleeding fields a cruel name,  
 " Or wish o'er slaughter'd heaps, to build my fame ;  
 " 'Twas duty bid me watch the fav'ring gale,  
 " And filial love that hoisted ev'ry sail ;  
 " 'Twas to a father's fond embrace, I went,  
 " Ere yet his lamp of life was wholly spent :

" Whilst

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 203

" Whilst still a kneeling son might please his eye,  
 " And swell his aged heart with tender joy;  
 " For *Cyprus* then I sail'd—what since befel  
 " Let these hard chains, and this vile habit tell,  
 " Which with for ever growing grief I bear,  
 " And now the fourth sad winter sees me wear;  
 " And years may roll on years unstopp'd, my grief,  
 " 'Till welcome death shall bring his last relief;  
 " In whose cold arms by some dire chance betray'd,  
 " My friends may long ere this believe me laid;  
 " My fond old sire, perhaps, my fate unknown,  
 " Wailing my slavish life consum'd his own,  
 " And oh! what pangs my orphan children feel,  
 " Hast thou a tender parent, thou can'st tell!"

He stopp'd—tears drown'd his accents, and the rest  
 A silence far beyond all words express.

Nor spoke *Cornaro* more—he too was mute,  
 Nor language found his fellow-grief to suit,  
 But struggling with a tear-attended sigh,  
 Just mutter'd out, " Friend, take this small supply,  
 " 'Twill give thee some relief, and were it mine  
 " Freedom and happiness to give, were thine."

He took the gold, and bow'd, and slow return'd,  
 And, as was wont, in hopeless sadness mourn'd.

*Cornaro* see in other guise appear!  
 Sudden he stopp'd the commendable tear,  
 " And be," he said, " my soul, thy joy express,  
 " 'Tis in thy power to make the wretched blest.  
 " Now I am blest, indeed, since on my wealth,  
 " Depends another's being, freedom, health;  
 " 'Tis I can bid the sun of mercy shine,  
 " This man's peace, life, and liberty are mine;  
 " Whatever

" Whatever joys he has or may receive,  
 " His country, children, wives are mine to give.  
 " Now, *India's* land, amidst his hoarded store,  
 " And endless mines compar'd with me is poor;  
 " Quick, then, *Cornaro*, to his ransom flee,  
 " And let this morning's sun behold him free."

Straight to the lordly governor's he went,  
 His name, his rank, his cause of coming sent,  
 Nor need he long to wait, his errand told,  
 Bringing that ne'er refus'd credential, gold;  
 The price requir'd for liberty he gave,  
 And quick return'd to find the now, but fancy'd slave;  
 And said, " Be free:" his transports who can tell,  
 Prostrate before him in wild joy he fell,  
 Which only his who caus'd it could excell:  
 Gladness and wonder in his bosom wrought,  
 With lab'ring gratitude his soul was fraught,  
 Nor had he pow'r to utter half he thought.

" Oh! oh! my great deliverer," he cry'd,  
 " Can such amazing worth in man reside?  
 " Or can it be that Christian doctrines teach  
 " Virtues beyond our sacred prophet's reach?  
 " But oh! whate'er the wond'rous cause, receive  
 " As much of gratitude as words can give,  
 " Nor let these bursting tears its force destroy,  
 " Slaves, late of grief, soft offspring now of joy;  
 " And how my deeds shall with my words agree,  
 " Let me once reach my country, thou shalt see,  
 " And find thy mighty bounty is not lost,  
 " I scorn to ask thee what my freedom cost;  
 " That to my gratitude has no regard,  
 " Up to thy worth, I'll measure thy reward;

" Yet,

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 205

“ Yet, can that be ?” “ Stop there,” *Cornaro* said,  
 “ If thou art happy I am more than paid ;  
 “ But that thy happiness meet no delay,  
 “ There’s gold wherewith to speed thee on thy way.  
 “ If grateful thou wou’dst be at thy return,  
 “ Amidst the crouds that there in bondage mourn,  
 “ Search out some Christian from the wretched band,  
 “ Who best shall merit freedom at thy hand ;  
 “ Then, think ’tis in thy pow’r to pay my debt,  
 “ By shewing him the mercy thou hast met.”

He said, and to his lodging back return’d,  
 Honour’s bright lamp within him gently burn’d ;  
 Felt, and enjoy’d the riot of his breast,  
 While conscience furnish’d out the noble feast.

As free as air, from prison just broke out,  
 The *Turk* with rapid speed the harbour sought ;  
 There found a ship all trim with spreading sails,  
 And just prepared to catch the coming gales :  
*Smyrna* her port ; with prosp’rous winds she flies,  
 And gives him to his home, and former joys.  
 Livornia now, as his Ferrara known,  
 Her trade, her arts, her pleasures all his own,  
 Where next for knowledge was *Cornaro* flown ;  
 For a soul’s banquet far he need not fly,  
 Venice, old ocean’s fairest child was nigh.  
 O’er the proud Adriatic where she stood,  
 That swells unenvious of the Tuscan flood ;  
 Tho’ Naples, Florence, on his banks he names,  
 And to him Tiber pours from Rome his streams.  
 When o’er the Continent fell Slav’ry flew,  
 Hither the goddess Liberty withdrew ;

Here



Here plac'd her cap, her staff, her armour here,  
And, as her own fierce Sparta held it dear:  
Each art and science this their dwelling own,  
As guardians to their goddesses Freedom's throne;  
And as her handmaid, busy Commerce toils,  
Her sister goddesses, Plenty chearful smiles.

Here, glad *Cornaro* fix'd, and hop'd to find,  
Whate'er might please a knowledge-loving mind;  
Or, where the columns rose with beauteous wreath,  
Or, sculpture seem'd to speak, or paint to breathe!  
And tho' each day increas'd his curious store,  
Thought his capacious soul had room for more;  
And little deem'd the moment was so nigh,  
When all the pleasures of his breast should die,  
The beams of science from his soul retire,  
And fade extinguish'd by a nobler fire.  
As kindled wood, howe'er its flames may rise,  
When the bright sun appears in embers dies;  
Minerva sudden from his soul was fled,  
And Venus reign'd successive in her stead.  
A thousand fair ones of her frolic train,  
Long at the youth had aim'd their shafts in vain;  
Lanc'd from the wanton eye, they sought his heart,  
But Virtue's temper still repuls'd the dart;  
Nor all their force, nor poison need he fear,  
Virtue must tip the point that enter'd there:  
As diamonds scorn the pow'r of keenest steel,  
And touch'd alone by fellow gems can feel;  
One glance, at last, an easy passage found,  
And undirected made the deeper wound;  
From modesty's bright quiver it was sent,  
Nor knew its beauteous owner where it went;

From

From chaste *Delphina's* pow'rful eye it came;  
*Malta* to *Venice* lent the charming dame.  
*Malta*, blest isle! whose daughters all are fair,  
 Whose sons to manly fortitude are dear.  
 So properly do love and glory meet,  
 And valour still with beauty holds his seat.  
 Soon as his breast receiv'd the potent ray,  
 Whate'er possess't it, instantly gave way:  
 As in the wood, before the lightning's beam,  
 Perish the leaves, and the whole tree is flame.

To *Venice*, by a noble father sent,  
 Some pleasing months the fair one there had spent,  
 Beneath a tender uncle's careful eye,  
 Where, but to him, should then *Cornaro* fly?  
 To him he did each circumstance unfold,  
 His country, riches, parentage he told;  
 At last confess his honourable flame,  
 Begg'd his permission to address the dame;  
 And did his leave obtain; nor long he su'd  
 Ere the coy maid was in her turn subdu'd;  
 Nor chastity itself a blush put on,  
 To be by such a lover quickly won.

Smoothly, thus far, to happiness he went,  
 Nought now was wanting but the fire's consent,  
 Which one endow'd as he, was sure to gain,  
 And needed only see him to obtain.

Th' observing uncle mark'd the wond'rous youth,  
 Fathom'd his love, his virtue, and his truth,

Said

Said to her father, pleas'd he they wou'd speed,  
He said, and strait th' enamour'd youth agreed.

Lo! with its precious freight the vessel stor'd,  
*Cornaro*, and his happiness on board;  
Blest with chaste beauty he such trifles scorn'd,  
As *Jason* stole, or *Menelaus* mourn'd;  
Can gold the heart like piercing beauty move?  
Or, what is lust compar'd with sacred love?

And now for *Malta* with full sails they stand,  
Saw, knew, and all, but trod the wish'd-for land;  
When ah! sad proof of fortune's alt'ring brow,  
False as the skies above, and seas below!  
A Turkish galley mark 'em from afar,  
Pursu'd the vessel unprepar'd for war,  
Resistance vain, with numbers overbore,  
And led them wretched slaves to *Smyrna's* shore.

Can words, what thought can scarce conceive,  
express,  
The uncle's, virgin's, lover's, deep distress?  
Compar'd with which, the mangling knife wou'd  
please,  
And the fierce rack's severest pain be ease;  
Death, in his horriest form had met their pray'rs,  
But that was liberty, and so not theirs.

And now to public sale expos'd they stood,  
Amid the chaff'ring Turks—insulting croud;  
Immortal souls the property decreed,  
Of the best bidder, like the grass-fed steed;  
Even this the lovers, bore each other near,  
And yet unparted, knew not full despair;

But

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 209

But see! at length accomplish'd woe arrive,  
To deal the last, worst wound she had to give;  
Her sable store she cull'd, the dart to find,  
Nor left one half so venom'd shaft behind.

Amongst the dealers at this cruel fair,  
Traffic accurst, that makes mankind its ware;  
A youthful *Turk* pass'd poor *Cornaro* by,  
Health flush'd his cheek, and lust inflam'd his eye;  
And to the female slaves his way he bent,  
'Twas there his gold must have its wanton vent.  
How should *Delphina* 'scape his prying sight?  
Too fatally in spite of anguish bright;  
Her breast took beauty from the heaving sigh,  
Nor could the tear that drown'd, eclipse her eye,  
But falling on her damask cheek, it stood  
Like the pearl dew-drop on the morning bud.  
He quickly saw the too-distinguished fair,  
And thought his prophet's paradise was there  
Her price at once, unquestioning he paid,  
The fatal *veil* around her beauties spread,  
And led exulting off the swooning maid:  
'Twas then *Cornaro* felt despair compleat,  
And knew the worst extreme of tort'ring fate;  
Furies to plague him more, had strove in vain,  
And gnawing vultures, not encreased his pain,  
Too fierce for human nature to sustain;  
He sunk beneath his sorrows wond'rous load,  
And senseless, from excess of pain he stood.

And now, one graver *Turk* amongst the rest,  
And more distinguish'd by his richer vest,  
A nicer curiosity exprest;

P

Each



Each slave examin'd as he went along,  
 And on each circumstance, attentive hung;  
 He ask'd their country, parentage and name,  
 And how each mournful wretch a slave became?  
 Behold him to *Cornaro* then apply,  
 Full on his face he fix'd his stedfast eye,  
 Then ask'd his heart if what he saw was true,  
 And that it was from sure reflection knew:  
 His nerves all trembling with the glad surprize,  
 To Heaven he stretch'd his hands and rais'd his eyes.

And then, "I thank thee, *Mahomet*, he said,  
 Hither by thy divine direction led;"  
 Sounds struck *Cornaro's* ear he ought to know,  
 And wak'd him from his dismal trance of woe;  
 He saw the *Turk* prepar'd for his embrace,  
 Mark'd the glad transport, sparkling in his face,  
 Saw 'twas the very slave he once set free,  
 And cry'd aloud—"Great God of hosts! 'tis he."

Then folded in each other's arms they stood,  
 And voice was lost in joy's o'erbearing flood.

The *Turk* at length, recov'ring, rear'd his head—  
 "And now, he cry'd, my mighty debt be paid,  
 "Which wert not thou the slave I here survey,  
 "Peruvian mines were much too poor to pay.

To the man merchant then he stretch'd his hand—  
 "And take, he said, whate'er thy wants demand;  
 "Quick set my friend and his companion free,  
 "Name you the price, unbart'ring I agree."

V ARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 211

The ransom'd home he led in bounteous state,  
His swelling soul with godlike joy elate ;—  
Joy such as fill'd the great Creator's breast,  
When Adam in his paradise he plac'd.

And now he calls his household all in view,  
To give his freemen guests, their welcome due ;  
His lofty hall with richest sophas grac'd,  
His wives, his children all in order plac'd ;  
(Such was his will, tho' hidden his intent,)  
Sate in mute wonder, waiting the event ;  
Amidst them all he then *Cornaro* led,  
And wip'd away a tear of joy, and said,  
“ Ye of my licens'd bed the partners fair,  
“ Who my divided love yet equal share,  
“ With whom so many pleasing moons I've spent,  
“ Nor known one shaded yet by discontent ;  
“ And ye lov'd issue of our honest joys,  
“ If aught my precepts did, ye gen'rous boys ;  
“ My children and my wives, to whom I ne'er  
“ But by my dismal exile caus'd a tear ;  
“ If, since from that sad bondage I arriv'd,  
“ Your griefs all perish'd and your joys reviv'd ;  
“ If in my absence, ye not falsely mourn'd,  
“ If your vast joy was true, when I return'd ;  
“ If *Alba* knew ye without guile rejoice,  
“ And his great prophet heard your real voice,  
“ Now more adore them, prostrate praise their pow'r,  
“ Admire their bounties still encreasing show'r ;

" But now from chains I freed this captive's hands,  
 " And here *Cornaro* my deliverer stands."

All prostrate at that sacred name they fell,  
 How touch'd, great *gratitude* alone can tell ;  
 Great gratitude that dictated their joy,  
 Smil'd on each cheek and spoke from ev'ry eye :  
 The *Turk* with rapture saw the pleasing scene,  
 The home-felt joy ran warm thro' every vein ;  
 Their gratitude his inmost soul approv'd,  
 That loudly told how much himself was lov'd.

" Come then," he said, " the sumptuous feast  
     " prepare, }  
 " My wives, to deck the banquet be your care,  
 " As if great *Ottoman* himself was here ;  
 " For know th' imperial Crescent's sacred flame,  
 " Can ne'er more homage than *Cornaro* claim ;  
 " And ye, my sons, whate'er my wardrobe boast,  
 " What crimson gold, or gems can have of cost,  
 " Bring forth : but oh ! however rich the dress,  
 " How faintly will it, his soul's worth express ?  
 " Come then, my friend, but why that down-cast  
     " eye,  
 " That cheek, yet pale, and that still heaving sigh ?  
 " Freedom thou hast, and what else wealth can  
     " give,  
 " Is my blest task, thine only to receive."

*Cornaro* blush'd, and sigh'd, and would have spoke,  
 But as he strove, grief still his accents broke.  
 The uncle saw, yet silent, his distress,  
 And what he could not venture to express,

Told

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 213

Told the whole tale of love—the fair pourtray'd,  
 Pencil'd the semblance of the charming maid;  
 Ere that, perhaps, some Turk's abandon'd prey,  
 Torn from *Cornaro's* arms for e'er away;  
*Cornaro* doom'd no farther joy to prove,  
 But life's and freedom's slave bereft of love.  
 The Turk with anguish heard the fatal tale,  
 Fearing his utmost bounty here must fail;  
 Fearing he never could the maid restore,  
 Already slave to some lewd tyrant's pow'r;  
 Immers'd, already, in some cruel grove,  
 Where brutal lust usurps the name of love;  
 Some close *seraglio's* gloom, from whose sad bourn  
 No maid did e'er inviolate return.  
 But as this thought perplex'd his working brain,  
 And every hope that rose he still found vain;  
 His son, all sudden smil'd, and rear'd his head,  
 (The eldest blessing of his fruitful bed),  
 Then bow'd again, and smote his breast, and said: }

“ Thee, first Creator, *Alba*, I adore,  
 “ Untrac'd, mysterious, wonder-working pow'r,  
 “ How could thy lowest servant's untry'd noon,  
 “ Of useless life deserve so vast a boon?

“ Be hush'd all grief, and open'd ev'ry ear,  
 “ My words with rapture let *Cornaro* hear;  
 “ Let too, my sire, his genuine offspring own,  
 “ Whilst I not vainly boast I am his son;  
 “ My heart, how moulded, let my actions prove,  
 “ And gratitude victorious rise o'er love:

“ If



" If my exulting soul aright divine,  
 " To make *Cornaro* blest is only mine;  
 " For know these walls contain the pictur'd fair,  
 " Chaste yet as snow, and pure as spring-tide air.  
 " Then go, ye slaves," he said, " and quick return,  
 " With the fair Christian whom I bought this morn."  
 Return'd, *Delphina* blest'd their eager eyes,  
 And on each breast shed wild extatic joys;  
 Bright as the sun, with stronger light array'd,  
 When rescu'd from the moon's eclipsing shade.

Then, thus again, the Turk with gracious air,  
 (As to her lord he led the blushing fair)  
 " My friend, in this blest moment be it mine,  
 " Taught by thyself to shew a soul like thine;  
 " Forgive a vaunt, 'tis virtue sends it forth,  
 " A soul that strives with e'en *Cornaro's* worth.  
 " In thy gay paradise great *prophet* hear,  
 " By *Mecca's* ever sacred shrine I swear,  
 " Were all the treasures now before my sight,  
 " That fill'd Damascus glitt'ring plains with light;  
 " When in fierce triumph furious *Caled* rode,  
 " And drench'd the Syrian soil with Grecian blood;  
 " Wou'd some great sultan say, that maid resign,  
 " And the whole wealth of all the East is thine:  
 " From him, unhesitating would I turn,  
 " And look upon his trifling bribe with scorn.  
 " Beauty, like this, which wond'ring we survey,  
 " 'Tis *virtue* only in exchange can pay;  
 " 'Tis thee, great goddess, Virtue I pursue,  
 " To thy bright self I raise th' aspiring view,  
 " Thus kneeling, thy almighty pow'r I own,  
 " And sacrifice my passions at thy throne;  
 " To

VARIEGATED CHARACTERS. 215

“ To thy *Cornaro* lo ! this hand restores,  
“ What most, thyself except, his soul adores !”

So saying, with a smile, their hands he join’d,  
And his rich prize without a sigh resign’d.

Virtue was pleas’d, and own’d in Heav’n above,  
How deeds like these e’en Gods with pleasure move :  
Gentle compassion shed a tear of joy,  
And gratitude loud shouted thro’ the sky :

While Fame her awful trump prepar’d to sound  
The Turk’s applause through all the earth’s wide  
bound,

And the historic Muse enroll’d his name  
With virtuous *Scipio*’s, in the Book of Fame ;  
That *Scipio*, who, though passion fir’d his breast,  
Resign’d the fair, and made two lovers blest.

CHAP.

## C H A P. XVII.

*The author's feelings for his productions.—*

*The professors of divinity, law and physic, their pretenders.—View of the metropolis.—View of the volunteer review, with a song—And view of the stage and present management.—A small dip into politics.—*

*The present administration—A touch of the times—And a farewell to Ireland.*

LIKE a dying man who casts a retrospective view upon his past life, and in the recesses of his soul creates that awful inquiry concerning his immortal audit; so, to compare small things with great, and temporary feelings with eternal ones, I have *re-perused* the several leaves of this production, if possible, to draw a probable conclusion how I may be received at the tribunal of the public. Let me see how conscience stands?—Still—perfectly still and quiet; but how stand my *Subscribers* in their general opinion of me?

“ All

" All throng to the bar, and all cry,  
 " guilty—guilty." Methinks I hear the  
 mingled murmur and buzz of my readers;  
 thus they exclaim, " Who the devil can  
 " this fellow be with this motley producti-  
 " on, which, like Harlequin with his  
 " patched jacket, is here, there, and every  
 " where in a moment? One time he car-  
 " ries us to the palaces of kings, and im-  
 " mediately after dives with us into a  
 " night cellar; one moment he walks  
 " with us by the reflective stream of mo-  
 " rality, when, by seeing ourselves, we  
 " may see the world, and in a diverse line,  
 " the dirtiest path of broad St. Giles's is  
 " too clean for his reader's foot; the blaze  
 " of a birth night at St. James's glares in  
 " one eye, while the Covent Garden link-  
 " boys taper glimmers in the other;  
 " prime ministers and flashmen, duchesses  
 " and demireps, vice in a church and mo-  
 " rality in a brothel; in short, such oppo-  
 " sites in human Nature, and the know-  
 " ledge of them so whimsically mingled  
 " in one composition, that it puzzles phi-  
 " losophy to discover who he is, and con-  
 " firms scepticism in its state of incre-  
 " dulity."



“dulity.” Gentle reader, it is I who can give the best account of myself : to know one’s-self is to know the world, and the various scenes and vicissitudes I have experienced through life were the materials for my reflections and observations. There are travellers whose memories, tenacious to a miracle, can relate to a yard the distances of towns from each other, point out the roads throughout the land, nay, recollect the very finger posts so usefully erected for general information on every by-way, and repeat the names of the landlords, and signs of their houses throughout the three kingdoms: these may be termed *gazing travellers*, who, like cats, think to catch knowledge in the same way as they catch birds by looking at, but as to any sterling information of men or manners, are as barren as the deserts of Arabia. The various English Subscribers to my book, are proofs of my knowledge of men, and the several observations on the different classes must acquaint the reader, that I am not a total stranger to their manners. It is some time since I visited the Land of Saints;  
and

and when I came from Holyhead, on my first view of the Hill of Howth, not half so enchanting seemed Mount Parnassus to the enamoured imagination of a fire-struck bard; once more I hailed the land of real hospitality, and a child of chance, and chequered fortune, met certain success in this emancipated clime; even the great personages in the packet flattered my hopes; my anecdotes pleased, and Laughter held her sides to keep me in countenance. Authors can seldom chink two guineas together; such was my case. I landed on George's-quay, and what must I do, (thought I to myself) depend upon that wit which often proves a lamentable dependance to the most genuine of her sons? Then what must it be to me who confessedly steer in the Demi-Sphere? However, to work I went, in the Mornings I wrote, and in the Evenings sought Subscribers; success has crowned my endeavours, and I will be bold to affirm, that those Subscribers who have a personal knowledge of the author, (which are at least nine out of ten) and who over the enlivening glass have spent many an agreeable

able hour, will not grudge the trifle advanced for the book, though, perhaps, the ill-natured and malevolent might say, that such trifle was ill-bestowed.

Blockheads little imagine and less feel the anxieties that men of brighter parts and talents experience. Fools, dully happy in their insensibility, experience not the disappointed moment when worth supplicates dulness, and merit meets with contempt from the proud and insolent.

It is strange! passing strange! that an author universally is held in the most invidious light. *Professional dulness* will meet with its rewards. The *bar*, the *pulpit*, and the *faculty* vomit forth their pretenders to science, and, yet all thrive in some degree. That the pretenders to any kind of knowledge should meet with contempt, is not to be wondered at; but why the pretenders to literary merit should be the severer butts of ridicule, I cannot possibly divine. Wherefore should not an impostor in the several professions, as well as in the sciences, meet with equal contempt? More especially if we consider, that on the professors of *law*, *physic* and *divinity*,  
depend

depend our wealth, health and salvation, when the utmost bad effect that bad authors and poor *scientificers* (if I may so call them) can produce, is ignorance in speculation and a perversion of taste.

There is a term made use of to which no direct and determinate idea is applied, but which carries with it a veneration and respect that it is not by any means intitled to, I mean the term *gentleman*. Every person bred to the law, pulpit or physic is dubbed gentleman; but any person, whether author, painter, musician, &c. &c. is inadmissible to the title. What is it constitutes the gentleman? I do not mean to investigate first principles, or like lord Chesterfield, stretch the string of refinement till it breaks in shewing what a gentleman really ought to be, but consider the word gentleman in a general sense: what is it constitutes the *gentleman professionally*? Is it not by possessing those natural and acquired abilities which distinguish us from the ignorant, whose confined capacities are such, that for their existence they are impelled to manual labour and mechanical operations? If this

is



is the case, and indubitably so it is, wherefore should that ignorant tyrant, invincible Custom, bind us in chains?

A lawyer, if not by his chicanery or his ignorance, may make us a bankrupt; a physician, receive our fee an hour before that final departure which his *unskilfulness* brought about; and a divine, (who, as times are, indeed is the most harmless creature of the three) lull us to sweet repose amidst a sleepy congregation; and, yet, all these are *gentlemen*, while the author, painter, musician, &c. &c. are looked upon as a species of other beings, and permitted to mingle in the mass of society as so much mixed metal or base alloy. However severely true these sentiments may be, the author has had the peculiar good fortune to be an exception to the general rule of treatment. There is a kind of urbanity in the natives of Ireland that hits the happy medium. That line of politeness without affectation, and sincerity without ill-manners, which characterizes the kingdom, from French flimsiness and English rusticity. Indeed, nothing could give me greater satisfaction, than to see the  
the

the great change that Irish emancipation has caused. I would not wish to arrogate to myself, but from the success I have met with in my publication, some degree of merit must certainly be possessed in the gaining of so many friends! It is an established maxim, that "there can be no stable friendship which has not some good quality for its basis." It is not a mere similitude of character and manners which cements it, there must be some purity and rectitude. And here I must remark, that I have had opportunities to distinguish friends from boon companions; for often when the Evening's diversion has been the Morning's reflection, the same person who has spent the convivial afternoon, the succeeding morning, in a cooler moment, has subscribed to my production. A conformity of taste for pleasure constitutes security of good fellowship, but it is only the calm hour of just consideration that creates solid services and lasting friendships. The companion in whom we find so much cordiality while he has the glass in his hand, may be entrusted with a secret on which depends

pende our honour, who will often times take occasion to shew his wit at our expence, and by this means people are often exposed and derided. If we trust such a man with our interest, he betrays it to promote his own : We often complain after this of being betrayed by such a friend, but we are mistaken, he was only a man who drank and played with us for his own amusement. This black shade of human Nature touches not me ; the friendships I have met with have been great, and my thanks are unbounded. The antient Persians made a formal law against ingratitude ; the penalties of the moderns are, universal contempt and self-reproach, which, indeed, is a more flagitious punishment. How agreeable, then, were my sensations on my arrival, once more, in this metropolis ; my astonishment and pleasure were equal to see the great change in the customs and manners of the people ; a depressed nation, to give it the gentlest term, rising into respect, opulence, and estimation. A liberal policy has opened the eyes of Great Britain, and handed her sister into life with all her

her native charms. Prejudiced individuals are the race of every climate. I remember being in company, a few years since, in London, just when that noble pile of building, the Dublin Exchange, was finished, an Irish gentleman was making his remarks on the elegance of the structure, when a London merchant, worth a plumb, ironically asked, "*what use* was intended to be made of it?" The Irish gentleman as acrimoniously replied, "That it would answer much the same end that the Royal Exchange then in the city of London; a place for strangers to gaze on, and wonder at its grandeur:" the repartee was just, being a wilderness compared to that amazing multitude of people, Turks, Jews and Infidels, that used to traverse its walls the beginning of the American war. I think I may prophetically say, that in the course of a very few years *Dublin* will be, if not equal in riches, the most beautiful metropolis in Europe. Its natural situation, and local advantages are so superior to London, and, indeed, most other large cities, that they render it a



most delightful spot for the traveller, to become a sojourner.—Should I say more, truth might seem flattery, and the effusions of gratitude, fulsome adulation.

Twiss, of ever contemptible memory, with a jaundiced eye and a black heart, defamed a nation, where he met with the highest marks of friendship, protection and benevolence. The candid traveller, with a sparing hand, should lay aside the rank foibles of a kingdom; but he collected the most obnoxious weeds of the soil together, and presented the world at large, with a production fraught with malevolence and falsehood. However, it met the contempt it deserved, and rots in merited oblivion.

That the sons of Hibernia are *brave*, cannot be denied; and that her daughters are chaste, a remark of a paralytic, but once great and *gallant actor*\*, will evince; who, being asked his opinion of the sex in England and Ireland, replied, "That Ireland was the land of *love*; and though he might prefer an English mistress—he would ever wish to hold fast an *Irish wife*."

What

\* Mr. F——.

What particular reasons he might possess for such sentiments, I know not; but this I know, that there is a certain peculiar delicacy in the deportment of the *Irish ladies*, and a guard in the beam of the eye, that stands as sentinel to the pure recesses of the soul, which I think is not discoverable in the females of other nations.

Before I finally take leave of my readers and subscribers, I must beg leave to make a few remarks on two or three particular subjects, which concern the Irish nation, and the city of Dublin in particular.

And first, as to its theatres and state of the stage. It is now some years, since the two dramatic luminaries, shone in an Irish hemisphere—*Barry* and *Mos-sop*; nothing but a dark sky has since presented itself, and here and there, a twinkling star or quick exhaling meteor. However, to Mr. D——'s great praise be it spoken, every theatrical person of rising merit, he presents to the public, at a most amazing expence, running chances at the same time, that would

cheerful prudence, but which his proper spirit rejects and disdains, in the hour of public approbation.

It is reported, that he is to have an exclusive patent, and if any man is deserving of such a distinguished mark of confidence, as caterer of the public diversion, he certainly is the fit object. I do most ardently hope, that the use of such exclusive right, will make him still more ardent in producing—Novelty and Merit, though

“ It is the bright day brings forth the adder,  
“ And that craves wary walking.”

Should Mr. D——— present the people of Dublin, with offal instead of Turtle, and cram down our throats whatever dish he may present, bad indeed would be the effect of the step going to be taken : Such might be the case, if Mr. D——— was a selfish manager, and such the imposition that the public might be liable to ; however, the inhabitants of Dublin have every reason to expect a contrary conduct.

It has been often held a matter of argument, when parties run high in theatrical affairs,

affairs, which metropolis, London or Dublin, should yield to each other in point of taste, and it is highly laughable to hear the absurd jargon, that foolish people vomit forth on this subject, as well as on the merits and demerits of theatrical performers. Alas ! did they but know that *Taste* resides not in the *place*, but in the *man*, how many repetitions of idle nothings would cease ; dulness may walk in the shade even of an academic grove, and taste be found in a *law chamber*.— Sometimes she flies from a collegiate cloud of dulness, and rests on a bleak side of a mountain, enjoying in solitude, her own loved idea, and smiling like Patience on her monument, at her being driven out of society.

My literary hobby horse pricks up his ears, and, partaking of Sterne's transition, (the reader will cry, would he partook of his wit) flies from the theatrical field to the field of glory—the field of the Volunteers.—For my part, though I have been an eye-witness of a review on the plains of Sablon, where Joseph, the Imperial *Emperor* of Germany, reviewed forty thousand



land horse and foot, the sight was not more glorious. The profound silence of the soldiery, the health, neatness and formidable valour that sat upon all their brows, with the animated spirit that breathed through the whole, presented a scene the most awful and sublime—reflection turned into astonishment and admiration, to think that, but from the day before, all these men might be seen in their different professions : the lawyer pleading—the faculty administering—the mechanic working—the grocer at his scales—the tallow-chandler at his dip—the weaver at his loom, and the various other callings ; and now to behold them all assembled as one man—as one soul—breathing the god-like state of *liberty*—Who can behold such a sight, and not with the ever-feeling *Sterne* cry out,

“ It is thou, O Liberty ! thrice sweet  
“ and gracious goddess, whom all in public and private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change ; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee

“ thee to smile upon him, as he eats his  
 “ crust, the swain is happier than his mo-  
 “ narch, from whose court thou art ex-  
 “ iled. Gracious Heaven ! grant me but  
 “ health, thou great bestower of it, and  
 “ give me but this fair goddess, as my  
 “ companion, and shower down thy mi-  
 “ tres, if it seem good unto thy divine  
 “ Providence, upon those heads which  
 “ are aching for them.”

The noble commander, in whom  
 the soldier, the gentleman, and the scho-  
 lar are combined, shewed at the above  
 review, great strength of military skill  
 and discipline ; the officers and men shone  
 with equal lustre the discharge of the can-  
 non and musquetry, with the movement  
 of horse and foot, and their manœuvres  
 and evolutions were as perfect as any  
 standing army could possibly be.

THE

## VOLUNTEERS OF IRELAND.

A S O N G.

TUNE—*Rule, Britannia.*

WHEN Darkneſs ſpread her ſable veſt,  
 And threaten'd fair Hibernia's land,  
 The flame of Virtue fir'd each breaſt,  
 And form'd a glorious, Patriot Band.

## C H O R U S.

Lo! this Patriot Band appears,  
 Fam'd Hibernia's Volunteers!

Inſpir'd with Freedom's ſacred flame,  
 They draw the Sword, they point the Lance;  
 And while their country ſoars to fame,  
 They fear not Spain, they dread not France.

Lo! the Patriot Band appears,  
 Fam'd Hibernia's Volunteers!

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No Toils they heed, no Dangers shun,  
When acting in their country's cause :  
Where-e'er occasion calls they run,  
And prove a supplement to laws.

Lo ! the Patriot Band appears,  
Fam'd Hibernia's Volunteers !

No Force their souls shall e'er enslave,  
For chains they scorn, tho' form'd of gold :  
No king their Freedom to them gave,  
That charter from high Heav'n they hold !

Lo ! the Patriot Band appears,  
Fam'd Hibernia's Volunteers !

That charter still they will maintain,  
And to their sons transmit it pure ;  
Nay, the Eternal's self will deign  
That charter ever to secure.

**C H O R U S.**

Lo ! the Patriot Band appears,  
Fam'd Hibernia's Volunteers !

**Far**



Far be it from me, in the present juncture of affairs, to meddle with the politics of the times—perhaps there never was a complication of circumstances more critical than the present, when the chief governor has the nicest card to play in this kingdom, as well as the minister in the other, to hold both in the band of union and amity. Contentions some time since ran high and great were the animosities between the representative of majesty and the people—the effects were shocking—party like a fiend stepped in—the greatness and goodness of his grace, countervailed not; nor even the *beauty* and goodness of the duchess, could awe the rabble into that admiration and respect, which time and cooler reflection have since brought about—every official implement suffered in the storm—the chief secretary and the *confidential secretary*, than whom there never were more intelligent or well informed gentlemen, were daily attacked in those vehicles of scandal and defamation, the public papers; however, like the idle breeze, they passed by; and the judicious and disinterested, are now pretty well convinced,

convinced, that the reins of government, are in proper hands—the foul-mouthed declamation of a hireling news-writer, when compared to the *oratory* of the *senate*, is *Hyperion* to a *satyr*.

On visiting the House of Commons and hearing the several Irish speakers, whose eloquence rolls like their own Shannon, rapidly strong, I could not help reflecting, that before the hour of Irish emancipation, this august place and its several members, assembled but to exercise their talents; their meeting was a shadow, and the substance of such a convocation lay in another power; I own my heart expanded at the idea, and I paid treble veneration to the abilities of the many able *orators* that compose the Irish House of Commons; and though an Englishman, I wish from the bottom of my soul, that the inhabitants of the island, may become as respectable as they are intelligent—as commercial as they are polite, and as rich as they are hospitable.

## THE FAREWELL.

IRELAND, farewell! by various fortune thrown  
To thy fair isle, unknowing and unknown :  
Lur'd by the lustre of thy ancient fame,  
From sea-girt Britain's verdant shores I came.  
Here chear'd by hospitality's kind hand,  
I scarcely thought I left my native land :  
Oft have I heard the voice of slander vile,  
Basely asperse thy long, long injur'd isle ;  
But I, all pride and prejudice aside,  
And taking candour only for my guide,  
Tho' born a Briton, honestly declare,  
What Ireland's gallant Sons to me appear ;  
A warlike nation, generous as brave,  
Now struggling from oppression's grasp to save  
Their country's rights, their liberty and laws—  
(O! may success still crown each virtuous cause) !  
To strangers courteous, affable and kind,  
Blest with each virtue that links mind to mind.  
Here too, fair Science rears her laurel'd head,  
And the Muse warbles in the vocal shade :  
But, O! ye fair, who deck Hibernia's plains,  
How insufficient are the Muse's strains,  
To paint your artless, your engaging bloom,  
The coral lip, and breath's divine perfume,  
The winning language of your radiant eyes,  
Which Cupid with unnumber'd arts supplies ;  
Those breasts where all the little loves appear,  
Your dimpled smiles and mild attractive air ;

Your

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Your virtue pure, your innocence divine,  
Your truth and sense which so distinguish'd shine.  
Hail ! happy land, whose numerous sons appear,  
So wise, so brave so generous and sincere,  
And in whose beauteous daughters is combin'd,  
Each charm to captivate and fix the mind ;  
While through my veins, life's crimson current flow,  
With gratitude unfeign'd my heart shall glow,  
For all the sweet civilities I found,  
Since first I landed upon Irish ground ;  
Then take Hibernia, take, ere yet I part,  
This artless tribute of a grateful heart !

F I N I S.





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# E R R A T A.

Page	Line	
22	3	For <i>Belvoir</i> , read <i>Bewer</i> .
94	6	For <i>damners</i> , read <i>dampers</i> .
132	3	For <i>like</i> , read <i>lick</i> .
138	3	For <i>bad</i> , read <i>bold</i> .
154		Last line but three, for <i>but</i> , read <i>bur</i> .
177		Last line of the note, for <i>rade</i> , read <i>trade</i> .

